BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY, 1952

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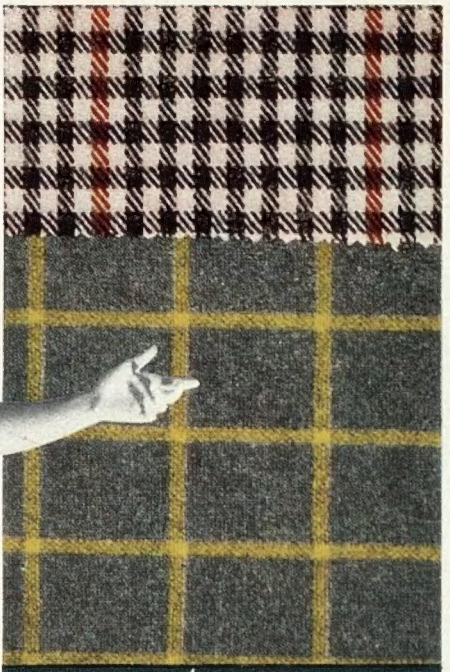

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 44 No. 1 JANUARY, 1952

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Red Letter Day

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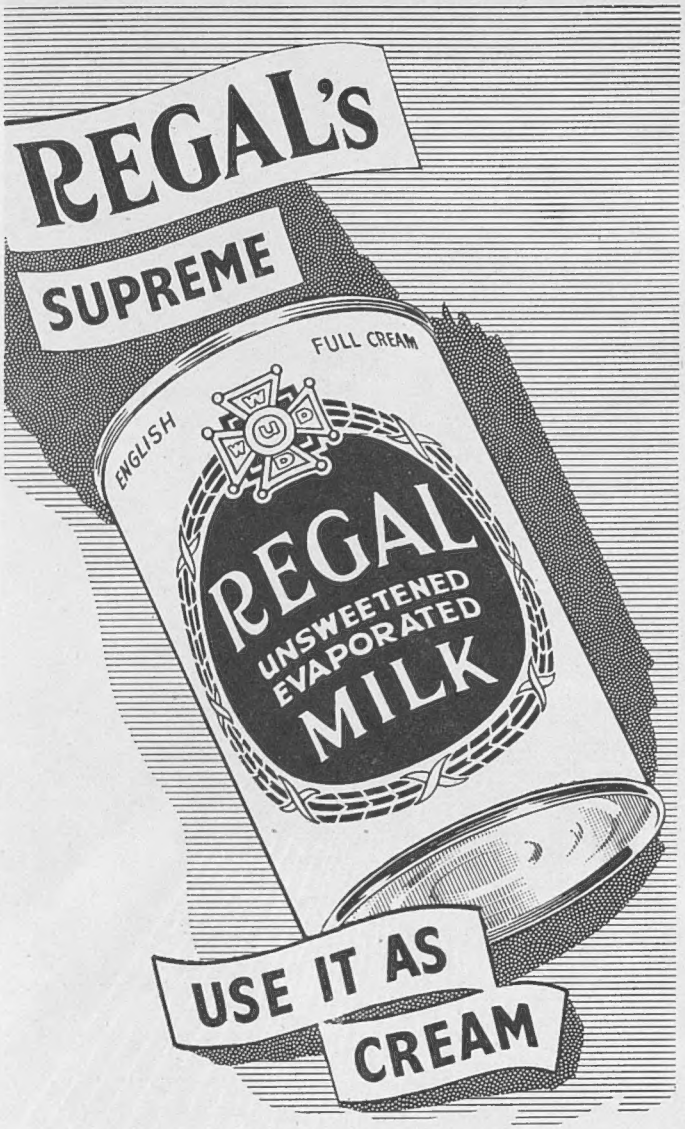

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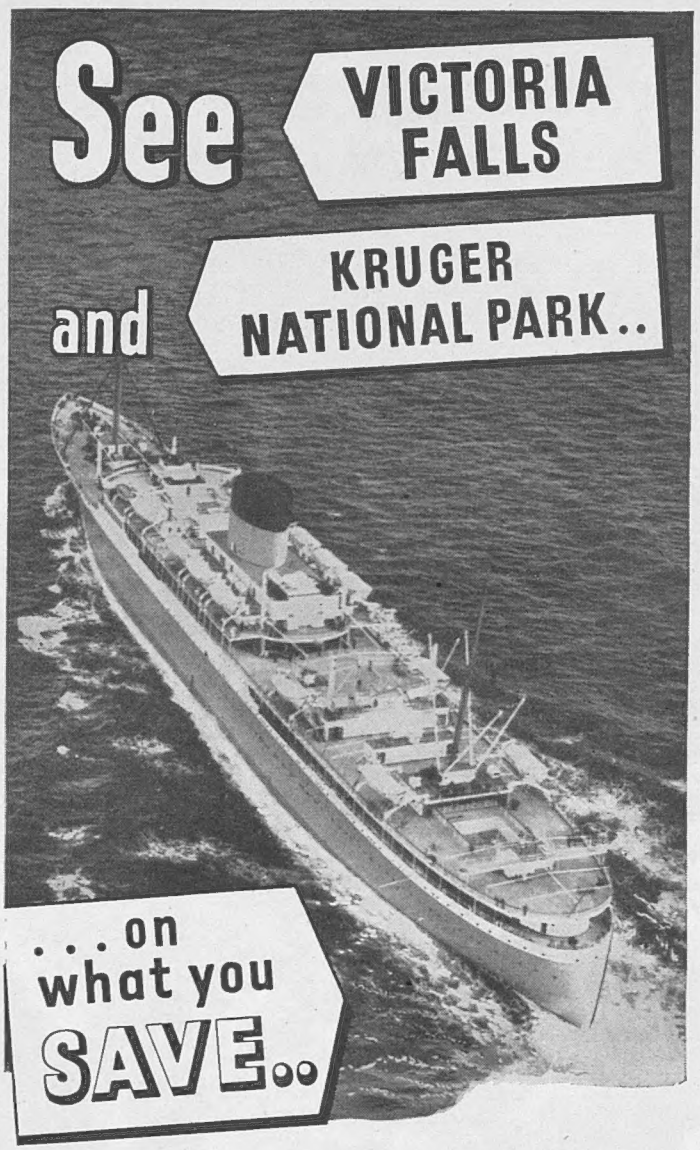

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how nice to have the time....

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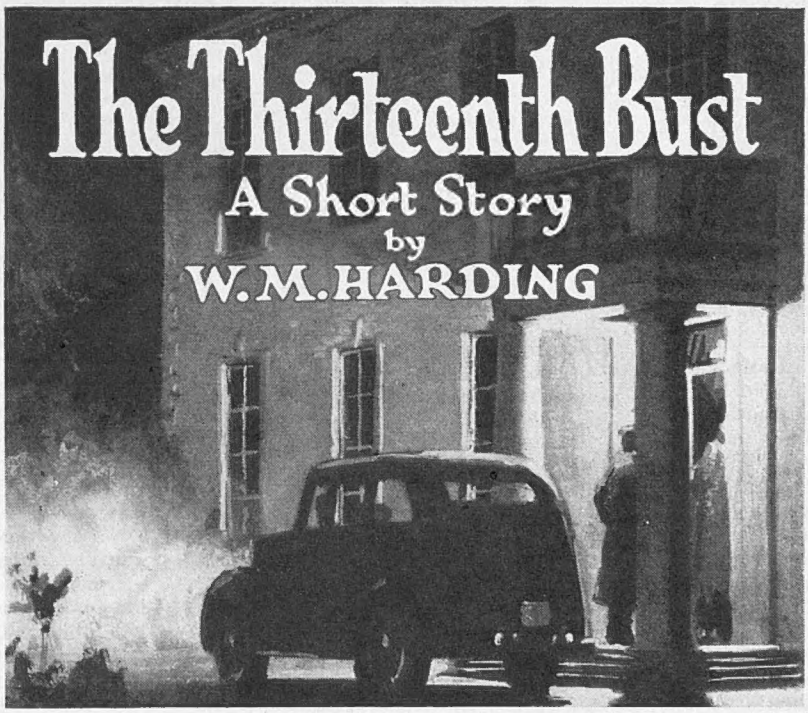
Britannia and Eve

THOROUGHLY alarmed, I again banged on the glass partition—had I had any hard object I would have broken it—but it brought the same negative result



AS I came out of my club in Soho Square an empty taxi drew up at the kerb.

I gave the driver my address, got in, settled back against the springs and relaxed.

I was very tired. There had been a lot of work and a lot of worry. Being a medical man I knew my own symptoms: I was heading for a nervous breakdown. I closed my eyes while the taxi cruised gently along Regent Street. In seconds I must have fallen asleep.

When I awoke the taxi was still travelling. I glanced at my watch and saw to my surprise that it was 1.30 a.m. I'd left the club at 12.15 a.m. and my apartment was only a twenty-minute ride. Something was wrong.

I knocked at the glass partition to attract the driver's attention. But he didn't seem to hear.

I banged harder and unless he was stone deaf he must have heard me, but he gave no sign.

Next I took a look through the window, and although it was a dark night I was sure I could see a hedge skimming by and at regular intervals telegraph posts.

Thoroughly alarmed I again banged on the glass partition—had I had any hard object I would have broken it—but it brought the same negative result: I was completely ignored.

I tried the doors—not that I should have jumped out at the speed we were travelling—but just to make sure that they could be opened, and found that they were locked tight. The windows above the doors, too, were immovable.

I was forced to realize now that I was a prisoner, and that the taxi-driver was responsible. I shouted to him, banged several times more—all without result, and finally leaned back to think things out.

I hadn't a clue as to why I'd been kidnapped. Certainly it couldn't be for a ransom. There were no relatives or friends likely to dig deep for me. I wondered if it could be for some medical attention to be administered to someone who had placed himself outside the law; but people of that sort usually manage contacts without resort to kidnapping.

I decided finally that it was a case of mistaken identity. Yet the taxi, which obviously had been waiting in Soho Square, had drawn straight up beside me as I stepped from the club. And I could think of no other member who even faintly resembled me.

In the midst of these thoughts the taxi suddenly swung to the right, and a glance through the window told me that we had left perhaps a major road to take a side one. It was very narrow, and the tall hedges on both sides could be clearly seen.

We kept to this road for about ten minutes, then suddenly swung right again, along a gravel drive—I couldn't mistake the crunch of loose gravel under tyres—then up before the porch of a large house. And here the taxi stopped.

The driver got out, came to the door, unlocked it with a key and threw it open.

My first impulse was to swear at him; my second to hit him. But I did neither. For the simple reason that I was staring straight into the muzzle of a short repeater pistol.

The driver spoke, and his voice was un-taxi-driver-like. Soft, modulated, with a silky quality.

"Will you step out, Doctor Chalmers?"

His use of my name destroyed my main theory. It wasn't a case of mistaken identity. But what sort of a dream was

I having? Kidnapped by taxi in the West End of London, and asked to comply with requests at the point of a pistol.

I can be very dignified at times and I summoned all my dignity now.

"You'll realize," I said loftily, "that I haven't the slightest idea what this is all about."

He smiled calmly. "You'll learn, Doctor Chalmers. All in good time. Please step out."

I snorted, got up and stepped from the taxi to the gravel.

He signed that he wanted me to go before him up the steps to the door of the house. I went up, well aware that the pistol was pointing steadily at my back.

Before the door I halted, but my captor said: "It's open; go straight in and take the second door on the right."

I pushed the door, it yielded, and stepped into a softly lighted hall.

In other circumstances I could have admired the hall. There was a thick beige rug under my feet; a beautiful oak refectory table on my left upon which stood a telephone; and a small male bust on a pedestal just to the right of the stairway that faced the front door and me.

"No crime of murder is insoluble nor is every murder committed necessarily discovered"

The whole set-up looked opulent and very comfortable. But I wasn't in the mood to approve domestic arrangements, especially when I felt the pistol press gently into my back persuading me forward.

I came to the second door on the right, turned the handle and walked into a comfortable-looking library.

I call it a library because there were a number of books lining the walls. But the most noticeable feature of this room was twelve busts, excellently made, which were set on pedestals in a three-quarter circle around the room.

I halted in the centre of the room, and after a few uncertain moments turned to look at my captor. He had shut the door and was taking off his coat. He did this deftly, slipping his pistol hand very quickly through the sleeve.

I was surprised to see that he was dressed in full evening dress, white tie and tails. The suit was immaculate and perfectly tailored, and I was momentarily conscious of my crumpled dinner jacket which no tailor in the world could have satisfactorily cut to my paunch figure.

I was now able to study the man close up. He was slightly older than I; in his late fifties I should say. He was slim and graceful. He had white hair and blue eyes. His face seemed sympathetic, and his smile was attractive.

Somehow he seemed vaguely familiar and all at once I realized that the bust I had seen beside the stairs when I first entered the house was a model of himself.

He said: "Sit down, Doctor Chalmers. I want you to feel quite at home. There's no immediate occasion for concern."

I noticed the "immediate occasion for concern" but his easy manner belied a possible significance.

"You want me to feel at home," I said, "yet you're pointing that damned pistol at me!"

He laughed quietly. "I don't like it any more than you do. If you'll give me your word that you'll make no attempt to attack me I'll put it away."

"You're asking a lot," I said surlily.

"Am I? Very well, with or without your word I'll put it in my pocket. But I should like you to know that I'm a very agile man. And I've practised, many times, taking this little weapon out of my pocket. I can do it in two seconds."

I had no doubt he was speaking the truth, but the disappearance of the pistol made quite a difference to my morale. He had asked me to sit down, so now I sat in a comfortable armchair beside an electric fire that was obviously a permanent fixture in the grate.

"MY first words to her were, 'You murdered Colonel Coulson by mixing belladonna with his medicine'"

He came over—passing not too close to me I noticed—and switched this on. Then he sat down in an armchair opposite me. He was very debonair.

He placed the tips of his thumbs and fingers together before him in the form of an arch and began:

"Oddly enough when I come to the explanation stage I find I have to adopt different tactics with different guests.

"For instance, Eleanor Martin—that's the model of her there"—he pointed to one of the busts, a perfect head and shoulders of a fine-looking woman—"was so completely self-possessed as she sat in that chair that I knew I'd get nowhere unless I could shatter her confidence at the outset. So my first words to her were: 'You murdered Colonel Coulson by mixing belladonna with his medicine.'

"It worked. For although she fought hard to control herself she never recovered her early poise. And in the end she broke down and went all to pieces.

"That one there"—again he pointed to a bust, this time of a young man—"is a model of Bernard Laber. I had to cat-and-mouse him. He was a neurotic, couldn't stand suspense. Odd that for a policeman, don't you think? Fifteen minutes of innuendo and insinuation and he was crying like a child.

"But you, Doctor Chalmers, present rather a problem. You're an intelligent man, but not one, I should say, too well endowed with sang-froid. You don't suffer the ill effects of either lack of control or the strain of maintaining too much. You are, in fact, a very normal person, and as such require special treatment. Facts and

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

frankness I think will interest you more than anything else. So I'll begin by telling you about myself.

"My name is James Chilton, and I'm a very wealthy man. I'm addicted to the study of criminology. And in respect of that I hold two beliefs. One: that no crime of murder is insoluble. And two: that every murder committed is not necessarily discovered.

"In order to prove this I set myself the task of investigating not only those murders that the police finally dossier as 'unsolved,' but also any death that appears to me to be out of the ordinary."

He paused to offer me a cigarette which I refused by a shake of the head. He lit one himself and went on:

"This self-imposed task, of course, is a gigantic one. It means study of all kinds of newspapers, almost daily reference to death records. I can't hope to cope with everything, but I do find a tremendous amount interesting enough to look into. Even then most of my investigations lead nowhere." He paused thoughtfully; inhaled his cigarette deeply. "Some don't though. Some give me results like these." And he swept his arm around the room encompassing the twelve busts that circled us.

I FOLLOWED the sweep of his arm stupefyingly. He went on:

"Eleanor Martin, whose model I've already pointed out, was secretary to a Colonel Coulson, a retired man of means who made a bit of a name for himself by his writings on military strategy. One day he took to his bed with a chill: the same evening he was dead. But the cause of death wasn't pneumonia; it was belladonna poisoning.

"Police suspicion fell strongly on Coulson's nephew who was his sole heir. And I imagine it was touch and go that they didn't charge him with the murder. Lack of evidence prevented the arrest, and the crime was finally shelved as unsolved. Even now, though, there's no doubt the police are convinced of his guilt.

"But they're quite wrong. The unwitting remark of a servant put me on the trail of the real murderer.

"I won't dwell deeply on the case, but, briefly, Eleanor Martin had become Coulson's mistress. Their affair, however, was a very well-kept secret and none had the slightest idea what they were to each other.

"One day he either tired of her or was nervous of her hold on him, and on some excuse tried to be rid of her. A woman scorned is quite lethal, you know. She proved her deadliness by killing him.

"Bernard Laber was a police constable. A young man, he was happily married and had two children. He made the mistake of getting in tow with a young woman no better than she ought to be.

"He tried to break it off but she wasn't having any. And one night when he was on duty she waylaid him on his beat.

"She threatened that unless they continued to see each other she'd go to his wife. So there and then in a dark alley he strangled her. Afterwards, he continued on his beat.

"Half an hour later the body was found, and he being the nearest available policeman was called by frightened people.

"I admire the way he must have carried it through, particularly as I found him to be nervous by nature. That was another so-called unsolved crime whose solution I reached by a combination of psychology and hard work.

"The third bust from the end"—he pointed and I saw a bearded model with a large protruding forehead—"is of a particularly famous man. You've no doubt heard of him: Professor Jacques Willoughby." He paused and I nodded.

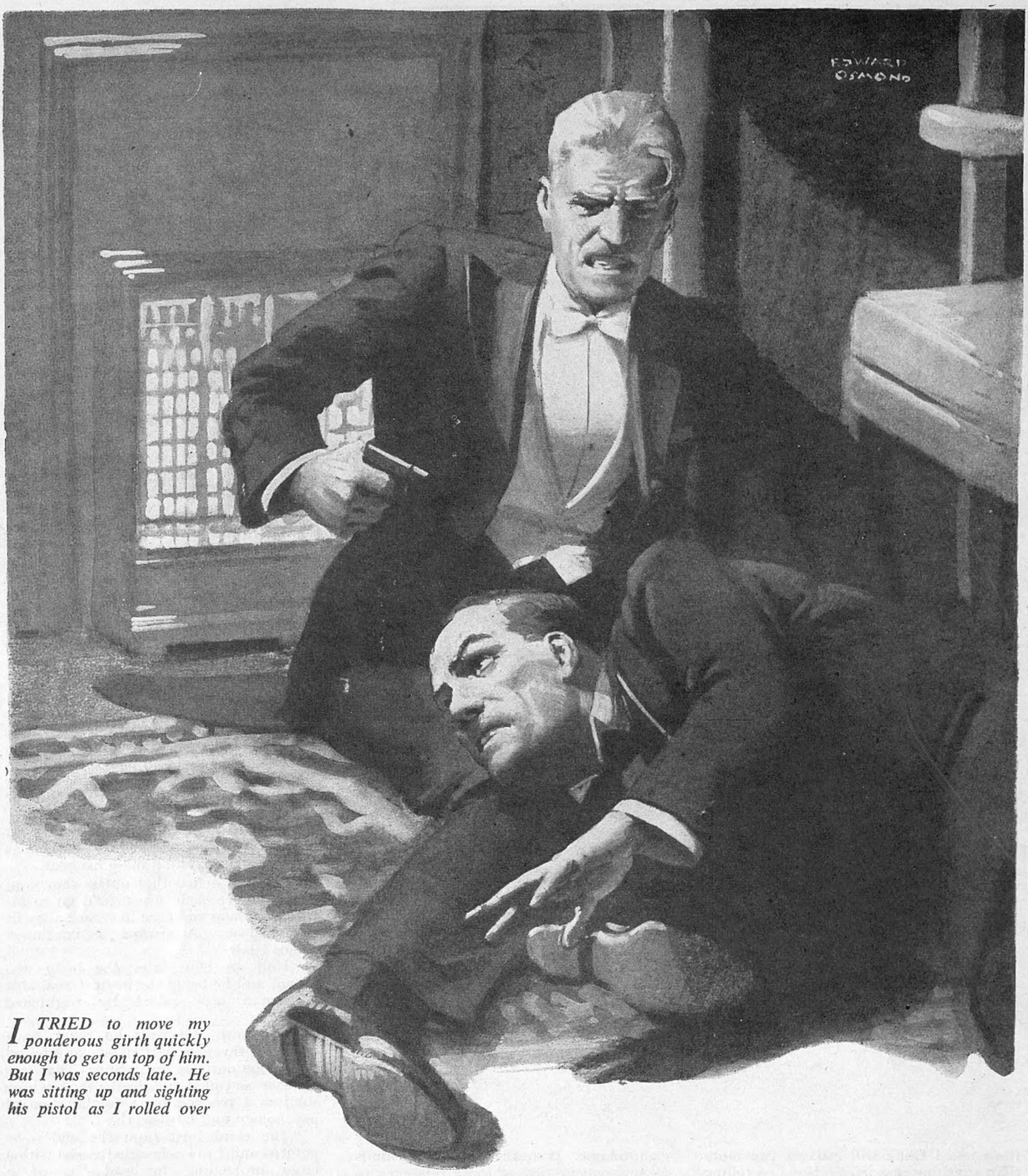
"You'll remember, I expect, that his wife died in tragic circumstances. It was said she either fell or threw herself off Beachy Head.

"The coroner was kind and recorded accidental death. But many thought she'd committed suicide.

"She, in fact, did neither.

"Professor Willoughby was famous as a biologist and historian. What wasn't known, except to one or two, was that he was an expert hypnotist.

"Quite likely he was the world's finest exponent of this art, though it seems he took great care that none should know



I TRIED to move my ponderous girth quickly enough to get on top of him. But I was seconds late. He was sitting up and sighting his pistol as I rolled over

how advanced he was nor how dominating his will could become.

"IMAGINE, Chalmers, if you can the perfect murder. The hypnotist who hypnotizes his wife, then suggests she throw herself from a cliff.

"The man was truly a genius, wasn't he? I got on the track of that too through a scrap of servant talk. I learned that the professor's wife often slept far beyond normal human needs. After a lot of work, the rest dovetailed into place. But I didn't learn the motive until the professor sat in that chair and said : 'The ignorance of the little fool drove me crazy!'"

Chilton laughed loud. "Imagine the agony of it! A genius like old Willoughby married to an empty-headed little baggage."

Chilton drew at his cigarette and continued : "I could spend a day telling you the histories of all these busts. But I don't want to bore you. Suffice to say that they are all murderers—though murderers not known as such to police and public. Now don't you agree, Chalmers, that mine is an interesting hobby?"

I didn't answer. I didn't know what to say.

He went on :

"When I reach a point where the evidence makes me certain of a murderer's guilt I make arrangements to kidnap him or her. That part isn't difficult. It's a matter of patience and opportunity. I bring the guilty one here, confront him with my evidence, and invariably get a confession. . . . As a matter of fact they're usually so distraught they're only too anxious to blurt out the truth. You're following me closely now, Doctor Chalmers, aren't you?"

I nodded, my eyes watching him narrowly.

"What happens next is that I adopt the role of human avenger." He smiled and his hand slipped leisuredly into his pocket.

"I murder the murderer—quite painlessly I assure you. (*Continued on page* 62)

Toast To THE NEW YEAR

The Eve of a New Year is rich in lore and traditions for our country folk.

THE hands of the clock are pointing to midnight. A new page in the scrapbook of our island story is turning . . . 1951 is giving way to 1952. The toast is the New Year. Let us drink to its good fortune and join together in singing *Auld Lang Syne.*

To most of us the welcoming-in of the New Year is now but an occasion for lighthearted celebration—for dinners, dances and cabarets; for petty frolicking and kisses under the mistletoe. Or else we may be content to leave the all-important hour to pass unnoticed, satisfied to retire to bed in December and wake up in January. It all depends on our mood and the state of our bank balance.

TO the country folk, however, the change of the year has always been of far greater significance. Through a deep-rooted fear of what the future might bring to themselves, their beasts and their crops unless they took certain recognised "precautions," they have built up a lore and tradition which persists in many rural districts to this day. Indeed, ever since the fifth century, when the Church made it a "holy day" by christening it the Feast of the Circumcision, New Year's Day—like Harvest Festival—has provided one of the many links in the chain of religious and superstitious thought binding Church and land together.

In the days of our grandparents cottagers everywhere would forgather in their little parties on this one great evening. As the bells of the village church tolled out the news that yet another year had passed away, so they would raise their glasses of home-made wine to drink, first, a little sadly perhaps, "To the Old Friend—Farewell!", and then, more joyfully, "To the New Infant—hip-hip-hoorah!" Whereupon blacksmith would kiss dairymaid, and the butcher the baker's daughter, in a spirit of real good cheer.

BUT these little ceremonies—so simple and yet so heartfelt—were not designed to bring good fortune only to themselves. Beasts and crops had also to come into the picture. And so, when the toasts had been drunk, the company would set off into the cold night air, their glasses in their hands, to drink the health of all God's creatures and living things, be they animal or vegetable. Fields and cowstalls, orchards and barns, over an area of many acres would be visited. Finally, in the hour of Trinity, they would return to feast upon "God's cakes," a kind of triangular-shaped mince-pie.

(*Continued on page 71*)

By NORMAN WYMER.

We all know the circus in its Christmas gaiety and splendour.

Those ponderous bears are world-wide globe-trotters on a startling scale.

The tenting tours and nomadic life led by circus stars between seasons, makes a fascinating story.

TO most town-dwellers the Circus is a curious thing that flowers only once a year—companion to the spangled Christmas tree. Known to few is the fascinating nomad life led in other months by the circus stars and their strong-arm squads of tent-riggers.

Yet it is in this out-of-town tour that stars are made—and new ones discovered. Modest performers gain their experience by the by-way and here they chance the change from the act that is "so-so" to one pulling in the applause. And more than once, with a field as a stage, new thrills of the high-wire come to be tried.

Come with me and join the show. Neither London nor Birmingham is among our dates: we shall not be seen in Cardiff or billed as stars in Edinburgh. But little or big, we 're on our way as the greatest show on earth. Yes, of course we go by road, for the only circus to travel on a tenting tour by train is the Bertram Mills company—and they need no fewer than three trains to hold everything. Into the bargain, they do their major journeys at dead of night, when the lines are freest of traffic. But then, they are a company of 250 people, some 70 to 100 animals, with a weight of equipment to match that includes 3,500 seats for the Big Top.

How much that costs to take on tour from Easter to mid-October I would not like to guess. You wish you could buy it? Perhaps it looks like fun to own a circus, but even a medium-sized show will cost £15,000 to £20,000 to stage. And that is before a laugh or a hand-clap is won. There was a time when Count Rosaire bought his way into the business for £4.

He 'd been busking, clowning, stilt-walking in market-places and fairgrounds and music-halls, but unable to land a job in a circus. "You 're not good enough," they told him.

This was not true, for Rosaire—and his wife, the Countess—were very good performers. From a showman, throwing up his hands and show because of a bad business season, Fred Rosaire bought a booth for that £4. His wife made the costumes—he performed—they both packed their "circus" on a hand-cart at the close of play. That was a tenting tour stripped to the barest essentials in those days of 1904. So go and see Rosaire's Circus to-day when you have the chance. It is the third largest tenting company in this country!

A man who really did buy a circus—and only five years ago—is the surprising Billy Smart. He spent £30,000 made on the fairgrounds in starting up a tenting tour. And so successful

Firstly there is a tent to be erected—rather, *the* tent—the Big Top itself.

The unbelievable patchwork of painted clowns and horses, lions and ladies, looks wrong in the sunlight.

The only circus to travel on a tenting tour by train is the Bertram Mills company, though in America train travel is more usual.

WHERE

Has The Circus Been?

By RICHARD PARSONS

was his first season in 1946 that he spent another £30,000 on this same show before reopening the next year!

But then, Billy is ambitious, though no performer himself, and seeks to make his "New World Circus" the tops of Big-Top entertainment. How well he is succeeding you may judge for yourself by your own fireside—for I think I am right in saying his circus has appeared more often than any other on T.V.

LET 'S leave the big boys—we 're away on the road where all good circuses begin. It is bright and early on a summer morning. The sky 's as blue as a bird's egg, the sun shines like a new penny and the air is clear as crystal. Yes, all those old clichés come exactly right and fit perfectly at a fresh moment of the day like this. But we have work to do . . .

Our little procession of motor-lorries, motor-caravans, two cars and a tractor have done twenty-two miles since just after daybreak. What—no horse-drawn vehicles? No parade as we enter this small town? (*Continued on page* 65)

Every true performer has to practise, to perfect perfection. Climbing ladders is all part of the curriculum for the seal.

—and the Post-war Racketeers who are carrying them out.

By FERDINAND TUOHY.

WHETHER publicity should be given to new-fangled fraud and forgery is a subject upon which two views are permissible. On the one hand, the argument is that so doing breeds imitators; on the other, that to keep the public in the dark is to invite more victims.

White-haired Anton Adler, head of the International Clearing House in Forgeries, is among the majority having to cope with things, who incline to the second view. Forgeries are becoming more and more skilful, he says, and as scientific progress in printing has also made them easier to accomplish, the public must be kept on its guard.

Adler, who works at The Hague, under "Interpol" in Paris, adds that money-forging has become a big business. Up to 1939 there were little groups of forgers using improvised machinery, but during the war something happened to change that for ever. Because Britain had successfully stood against him, Hitler authorised Himmler to get busy with the printing of £200,000,000 for dropping on London so as to wreck our economic life.

The Gestapo chief combed his lists for experts in every branch of printing and engraving and put 140 of them to work in an underground plant at the notorious Sachsenhausen. But his star artist was a German who is still on the job somewhere in Western Europe, probably France.

Franz Schmidt used to be an honest German artist and engraver before the Nazis got hold of him. He managed to save some of the plates from destruction in 1945 and has built on them ever since. He, more than anyone else, is responsible for money-forging having become the province of big international gangs, heavily financed, who work with well-equipped commercial printing plants.

The rain of pound-notes on London was anticipated by the invasion of Germany.

(*Continued on page* 64)

THE FAMILY MAN

He had two practices but led rather more than a double life . . .

A Short Story By Madeleine Bingham

FIRST jobs are very frightening. I was very nervous as I stood on the steps of the house. I had an irresistible impulse to turn on my heel and go away.

I was holding the paper from the agency in my hand, and I looked at it again. A very smudgy carbon informed me that Mr. Herbert Smith, Dentist, wanted a secretary/shorthand typist. The commencing salary was £2. This was quite good. Salaries were not very high fifteen years ago.

I looked up at the house. It was four storeys high, and grimy with soot. But I could see from the three bells on the lintel that it had been divided into flats. A tattered card said, "Bell. 1A entrance at side," and another scrawl said, "No. 2 at rear." Window curtains were dirty, and the whole place seemed neglected.

Plucking up my courage I rang the bell marked, "Mr. Herbert Smith."

After several minutes' pause I heard the sound of running feet and the door was opened by a woman in a white coat.

She was tall, and swarthy, with a tendency to a moustache. She must have been about thirty, and she looked old to me.

"I've come about the job," I said nervously.,

"Oh, yes. Do come in."

Her manner was not quite so forbidding as her appearance. She showed me into the hall which was dark and panelled in black oak.

"Mr. Smith is busy. He'll see you in a moment. Come into the waiting-room."

This was as dingy as the rest of the flat. There were the usual magazines lying about on the table, and chairs against the wall. and a small gas fire burning.

"Are you leaving?" I asked. I was anxious to learn something about the job, because I wanted to give a good impression when I was interviewed.

"Oh, no. I couldn't leave Mr. Smith. But there's too much to do with the surgery, and the typing. Mr. Smith is so thoughtful; he knew I had too much work. Besides, I'm not really a trained secretary. You'll like working for him. He's so sweet. There's nothing to worry about."

She went out, and after a few minutes Mr. Smith came in. He was a short, ugly man, with beetling eyebrows, and a large moustache. His skin was grey, and he had practically no hair. The little hair he had was cut so short that it seemed as if he had none at all. He must have been about fifty-five, but he looked older.

When he spoke it was with a little trace of a cockney accent.

He nodded briskly at me, and smiled, and his smile made up for the repulsiveness of his appearance.

"Well, Miss," he said, "there's nothing to worry about. All *you* have to do is to answer the telephone, and make the appointments in the book, type out a few letters, and send out the bills." He laughed. "That's the most important. Miss Perryman will see to the rest. She

HE followed me through the door, and as he did so he patted me again, this time on the shoulder

knows my habits," he added brightly.

"My speeds——"

"Shan't worry about that," said Mr. Smith. "I don't go very fast. Perhaps seeing so many open mouths all day stops me opening mine very often." He laughed again very heartily at his own joke.

"How about staying now?" I was so surprised that I agreed.

He patted my hand. "Nothing to worry about. I'm sure we shall get on fine. This way, Miss."

I got up, and he followed me through the door; as he did so he patted me again, this time on the shoulder. I thought what a nice kindly old man he seemed.

He went back into his surgery, and Miss Perryman took me into the small dark office and showed me the typewriter, and the filing cabinets, and I sat all the afternoon making out bills.

SUDDENLY about four o'clock, the door to the surgery was flung open, and Miss Perryman rushed out. She was ashen white, and looked terrified.

"Put off all the patients," she said, "Mr. Smith has been taken ill. I'm going to the chemists. If anyone comes while I'm out, send them away." She went out, just as she was in her white coat, into the February drizzle. I heard the door slam.

PRESENTLY the telephone rang, and a woman's voice asked for Mr. Smith.

"Mr. Smith is ill," I said. "Can I take a message?"

"Tell him it's Elsie," said the voice. "He'll talk to me." There was such firmness in the tone, that I felt hesitant in refusing.

I opened the surgery door, and found Mr. Smith leaning against the wall. His eyes were closed. He still had the instrument in his hand, which he had used on the last patient. If he had been grey before, he was now drained of all colour, and seemed half dazed.

"Mr. Smith, a lady wants to talk to you."

"Who is it?" He answered without opening his eyes.

"She says it's Elsie." He pulled himself together with an effort.

"I'll talk to her." He followed me slowly into the hall, and his hand trembled so much when he tried to pick up the receiver he could not keep it still, so that I had to hold it to his ear.

"Hallo, yes. No, not to-night. I'll do my best. Don't worry about it. Yes, it will all be fixed up. Ring me next week. Bye, bye. Take care of yourself." His tone was soothing and kindly in spite of the pain he was obviously suffering.

He put the receiver back, and collapsed on a chair.

"Shall I get a doctor?" I asked.

"I'm all right," he said wearily. "It's my old trouble. The tablets will put it right."

A few seconds later the door opened and Miss Perryman came in. She quickly fetched a glass of water, and he took the tablets. After a while he revived and seemed quite his old self.

"I'll take you to the station," said Miss Perryman.

"Not at all necessary. Fit as a flea now," said Mr. Smith, and he got up.

Miss Perryman fetched his coat and muffler, bowler hat and rolled umbrella and helped him into them. It struck me

"ARE any of you called Elsie?" "No," they all replied

how exactly like the drawings of Strube's "Little man," he looked. I could just imagine him going home to his dull wife and two children in the suburbs. He was the perfect type of family man.

"I think I'll come with you, all the same," said Miss Perryman.

She dressed, and they went out leaving me to lock up.

THE following morning when I arrived there was no one in the flat. The telephone rang a few times, emphasizing the silence. I put the patients off.

About eleven o'clock the front door opened, and Miss Perryman came in. She seemed dazed, and her eyes were swollen with crying.

"How's Mr. Smith?" I asked. She looked at me in a half-crazed way, as if she had not understood what I said. After a long pause she answered slowly.

"He's dead." She burst into an uncontrollable fit of sobbing.

I knew he had been a good employer to her, but this frantic grief seemed to be a little exaggerated. I thought perhaps that she had a widowed mother to support, and depended entirely on her job.

"Don't worry," I said inadequately, "you'll get another job."

She gave me a furious look through her tears. "Job! It's not that I am worrying about. He was the only man I ever loved. We were everything to one another. I gave myself to him because I loved him."

This shocked me. The thought of love between these two ugly and unattractive people was faintly disgusting to a very young girl.

"You'll meet somebody else."

"I never shall," she moaned, "you may think it awful of me to act as I did, but I'm glad now." Her swollen eyes were full of courageous pride. "We were engaged for five years and we were soon going to be married." We didn't get married before because he was keeping his old mother, but she died last week, and we were going on a honeymoon to Brighton next month."

She rocked herself to and fro. "Oh, I wish I had had his child then I should have had something to remember him by. Oh, Bertie, why did you die? That anyone would have thought that a man so strong and handsome should have been taken from us in this cruel way. I've saved up for my trousseau, six of everything, and I've even bought the sheets for the double bed. He'll never use them! Oh Bertie, Bertie, my own love."

Between bursts of sobbing, she told me how they had dined together the night before, and he had been "quite his old self," and then suddenly in the taxi, he had been taken ill again, and she had rushed him off to the hospital. All night she had waited while he hovered between life and death, and then in the morning he had died, and she had come straight back from the hospital.

"He had no relations except his mother," she said. "I told the nurse that when he went in. Poor Herbert, I was all he had in the world."

Illustrations by W. S. Hutton

AS she finished the story the door bell rang.

"See who it is, I can't possibly see anyone this morning. I thought I told you to put all the patients off."

"I did."

"Then it must be an emergency."

Miss Perryman went into the surgery, and I heard her sobbing again, as I opened the door.

A fat woman stood on the doorstep, and she had three children with her. The two little girls she held by the hand, and a boy about ten years old stood beside her.

"I came just as soon as I could," said the fat woman. She seemed very distraught.

"What can I do for you? Mr. Smith isn't here."

"I know," said the woman, "the hospital telephoned for me."

"But we have put all patients off."

"I'm not a patient," said the fat woman, "I'm Mr. Smith's wife. I came all the way up from Chiswick. But I was too late. I felt I had to come round and see how he had left things. Is there anywhere I can leave the children while we talk?"

I led the children into the waiting-room and gave them some magazines to play with.

"Herbert has been such a good husband and father, I just know that he has left everything in order," said Mrs. Smith. "I know it must seem callous to you, being young, that heartbroken as I am about his death, I should be worrying about money, but I have the children to think of."

We stood in the hall, and through the surgery door, I (*Continued on page* 58)

The new home of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Attlee, at Great Missenden. (*Right*) Mrs. Attlee shows Martin Attlee and Mr. Attlee the newcomer to the family, a Welsh Terrier puppy

CONSIDERATION of the rich man as Socialist raises an issue that has nothing whatsoever to do with Party politics.

It is this : How does a rich man square his retention of great wealth with adherence to a political system whose end-object is egalitarian?

I hope this does not sound like a variant of the old soap-box gibe of the days before a Socialist government had been in power?

The short answer then was that it was not incumbent upon a rich man to surrender his wealth whilst the Capitalist Society remained. But an answer carrying the implication that as soon as Socialism became *un fait accompli*, all rich Socialists would do as the Rich Young Man of the New Testament did not, namely, give all they possessed to the poor.

Now we are at the end of a phase of full-scale Socialist experiment, and we now know that the rich Socialists have had second thoughts upon this supreme act of self-renunciation demanded by the logic of their political faith.

Has there, perhaps, been some modification of the doctrine of Socialism? Nothing said by the leaders suggests it. Socialism still involves and still advocates the drastic redistribution of the national income, until such inequalities as remain are as molehills in a flat field.

Now many people by no means hostile to the ideals of Socialism, are asking : How is that ideal to be achieved while professional political Socialists refuse to share in the general iron-out, and thus, by so doing, halt the advance upon the Promised Land of social justice and equality?

That there is no place for the wealthy or downright rich man under Socialism is an undisputed proposition of Socialist doctrine.

Yet there were in the late Government men of immense wealth, ardent Socialists to a man (with this single curious reservation).

It is the destiny of all religions to bifurcate : all churches start as a Church, all end as churches (with chapels, added).

And so it is with political systems. The Party becomes the parties.

In their sturdy and understandable refusal to be parted from their fortunes, may we not see in our rich Socialists the forerunners of a future minority party with some such designation as the Retentionists, composed of those who believe in the redistribution of wealth for other people?

Are we now witnessing the point of the story of the two Irishmen. One was expounding the principles of Socialism by homely illustration. . . . You have two cows, I have none. You give me one cow. And so on, with great promise of making a convert, until the pig came up as example. You have two pigs. . . . But the prospective convert *had* two pigs. The pig, he asserted, was quite another matter.

After all, under such strains, human nature will keep creeping in.

Who, then, are these rich Socialists? They are men of mark. They are men against whom nothing can be brought save our national failing: a capacity for illogical behaviour.

That said, let us consider a few of them.

Since the creation by Mr. Attlee of no less than seventy-three peers suggests that our Socialist leaders hold usage and tradition high, we will start with one or two rich Socialist members of the House of Lords.

The first is Lord Simon of Wythenshawe, a recent convert. Lord Simon is an industrialist, the chief of a group of nineteen companies, with a capital of £600,000.

In 1950 this group of companies made a profit of £497,669. Lord Simon and members of his family control this group through a holding company.

The next rich Socialist peer is also a recent convert. This is Lord Inman, a very remarkable man. For many years, as Philip Inman, Lord Inman almost tied with the late Lord Knutsford as "A Prince of Beggars." He raised more money for Charing Cross Hospital than any former secretary or House Governor had ever done.

With these humanitarian activities Mr. Inman, as he was, conducted his own business affairs with equal success.

He became a publisher and organizer of mergers of long-established publishing houses. He bought businesses, and he sold them. He acquired a large department store at Weston-super-Mare. He sold it well. He acquired the Church of England Newspaper, and sold it.

Mr. Attlee took Mr. Inman from his governorship of the B.B.C. to become a member of his Cabinet, with the rank of Lord Privy Seal, and with the task of making the food in British Railway hotels and on B.R. trains eatable. The then Prime Minister made Mr. Inman a peer.

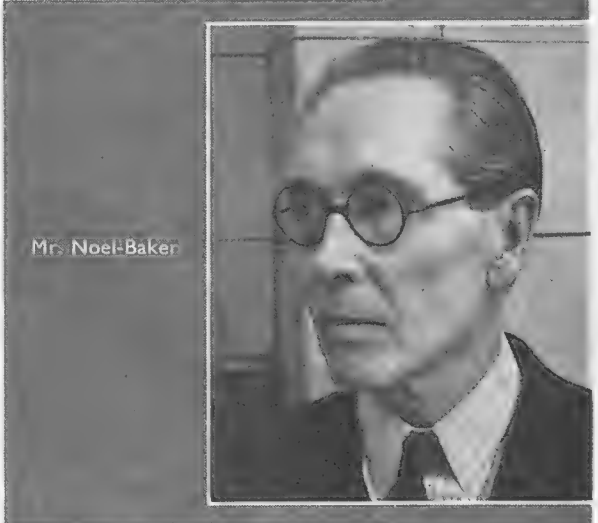
Lord Inman remains a Socialist. He remains still an astute man of business. He remains a rich man, with a fine country house and a manner of living possible only to one with a high bracket super-tax income.

The large house in Hampstead, London, where Mr. Hugh Gaitskell lives with his family

These Rich Socialists

By GEORGE GODWIN

A factual survey of some of our leading exponents of Socialism



NEXT comes Lord Pakenham, likewise a new creation. Lord Pakenham, quite aside from any other source of wealth he may possess, inherited £70,000 from an uncle in 1938.

Lord Silkin sits on the boards of companies whose total capitalization is £2,700,000.

Mr. George Strauss is, perhaps, one of the richest of the rich Socialists. He inherited a vast palace in "Millionaires' Row" (Kensington Palace Gardens) and a fortune from his father, a brilliant German who became naturalized and created the great business of A. Strauss & Co., sitting as a Conservative in Parliament.

Mr. Strauss resents the suggestion that he is a millionaire; but he can scarcely deny that he is exceedingly rich. He is a partner in the great metal firm founded by his distinguished father. Before the war his income was in the neighbourhood of £40,000 a year. He has very large share holdings in the company. In short, he is rich.

Mr. Stokes is another example of a recent conversion. A brilliant industrialist, an idealist, a devout Catholic, he has quite recently played a big part in the Persian Oil dispute. And he is rich. He has a large stake in the famous Ipswich family engineering business. But he is probably that uncommon being, a rich man who is not very much interested in money.

Is Mr. Hugh Gaitskell a rich man? I do not know. But he recently paid £10,000 for a house and no poor man can do that. Is Mr. Noel-Baker rich? He is certainly very comfortably off. He has interests in the family business of Baker, Perkins & Co., of Northampton, with over 11,000 shares in that concern.

Successful barristers were formerly able to earn very large professional incomes. Before the present high income tax and super-tax, as Sir Hartley Shawcross recently pointed out, they were able to accumulate a capital sum against retirement.

THE ex-Lord Chancellor, Lord Jowett, for many years enjoyed a large practice. He has enjoyed, also for many years, the handsome emoluments of office. So, also, did Sir Stafford Cripps. The Lord Chancellor is paid £10,000 a year, with free flat in the House of Lords.

These distinguished lawyers who march under the Red Flag, may be rated as passing rich men. Sir Hartley, it should be added, has not enjoyed the opportunity to save which was enjoyed by the older men.

The above form one category of rich Socialists, being men who have either inherited their wealth or won it (*Continued on page 72*)

The Case Of Mr. Pelham

A SHORT STORY BY
ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY D. L. WYNNE

THE reflection in the glass confirmed that he was still wearing a stiff collar and his dark striped tie

THE very first intimation that Mr. Pelham received—the, as it were, tiny wind-ripple that so lightly brushes a field of wheat but is nevertheless the unrecognized herald of a devastating storm—occurred at about six o'clock on Tuesday evening, May 20, halfway along Cornhill. It was outside his City office and he was just hailing a taxi to take him home to his bachelor flat in Maida Vale.

An acquaintance called Camberley-Smith, passing briskly by, gave him a brief squeeze at the back of the elbow and said: "How goes it, Pelham? . . . Saw you at the Hippodrome last night, but you didn't see me. I was up in the Circle. . . . Well, so long! Can't stop!" A friendly pat with a folded newspaper and he was on his way, before Mr. Pelham had time to tell him he had made a mistake.

For Mr. Pelham hadn't been inside the Hippodrome for months. Last night, in fact, he had got home at six-thirty, had eaten an unexpected cutlet, served by his man, had played a little bridge with neighbours, and had gone to bed at eleven. . . .

He shrugged his shoulders, climbed into his taxi, and promptly forgot the matter. Nine days later, however, it returned to his mind.

He was lunching, rather heavily, at Simpson's with an American business man—though it was called "completing the deal"—when he saw a friend two tables away. Sociable with food and drink, he signalled the other to come over and be introduced.

They chatted awhile. Then the friend said, laughing: "Thought I wasn't on speaking terms with you, Pell!"

"Why on earth not?"

"Last Monday you gave me the dirtiest cut I've ever seen. Walked right past me."

"Me?" Mr. Pelham, friendly and inoffensive by nature, was staggered; then was apologizing even before he knew the facts, "I'm extremely sorry. I suppose I couldn't have seen you."

"You saw me all right. Looked straight into my face. And when I said 'Hallo, Pell' you stared and walked on."

"It couldn't have been me."

The friend, who had known Mr. Pelham for twelve years, said simply and directly: "I couldn't mistake your mug anywhere, old man."

Mr. Pelham, quite worried, asked the question he should have asked before: "Where exactly was this?"

"About one o'clock in Lombard Street. I guess you'd just left the office for lunch."

"Monday?" Mr. Pelham pondered a little. Then he brightened. "No, not guilty, old chap! I was down at Chislehurst all Monday seeing a client. It wasn't me you saw."

The friend started to argue, seemed to realize that it would lead nowhere and instead said banteringly: "Then you must have a double. Good God! Two Pells in one world!" He moved on, grinning.

"Say, does this sort of thing happen much in London?" asked the American, interested. Mr. Pelham was checking up the Chislehurst visit in his engagement book and did not answer.

"Do you think I'm really likely to have a double?" he said at last, quite seriously.

His guest looked at him. He saw a small, rather precise man of about forty-five, with neatly brushed hair, small moustache and a round, palish face. His general expression was earnest and faintly imploring, like a spaniel asking to be friends. To the American he looked exactly like dozens of other English business men of the more inoffensive, humdrum type.

Not caring to say so—for the other was buying the lunch—he replied with a guarded: "Maybe." Then he suddenly added, "but I doubt it," for he had just noticed that his host had eyes of slightly different colours—one bluish-brown one hazel. "Those eyes of yours are darned unusual, you know."

"I know. Well, it's a relief." It was then he suddenly recollected the Camberley-Smith incident nine days previously. "Still, it's queer. Twice within a fortnight that's happened. Ah, well. . . . What about trying some real English port? Don't get *that* over your side."

"Not so's you'd notice it," agreed the American politely.

Actually Mr. Pelham's "twice within a fortnight" turned out to be an understatement. For the very next morning he found himself puzzling over a letter. It was from a certain James Mason, a young stockbroker he knew, and it ran:

Dear Pell,

This is to confirm the sketchy appt. we made in the White Lion on Wednesday. I find I'm quite free to beat hell out of you at golf on Saturday. Shall I meet you at the Golf Club? Or at Baker Street Station and we'll go out together? Give us a tinkle!

J. M."

Mr. Pelham left his breakfast at once and went to the phone. He returned with

The mud was seeping in overwhelmingly, inexorably. It was too much for any man to face alone

an extremely worried frown and poured himself a strong cup of coffee. According to Mason, they had met on Wednesday evening at the White Lion, a pub in Bishopsgate near their respective offices and occasionally visited for a short drink after the labours of the City day. A game of golf for that week-end had been suggested. Yes it had definitely been Wednesday and they had parted at about a quarter to seven: Mason, a little surprised at the urgency of the immaterial questions, had been certain of those points. Yet Mr. Pelham had not the slightest recollection of anything of the sort having happened. As far as he knew he hadn't been in the White Lion since Monday, hadn't even seen Mason for a week. Could he possibly have had a complete mental lapse?

He passed his hand across his forehead, then rang for his manservant.

"A little mix-up has occurred in my engagements, Peterson," he said as casually as he possibly could. "I—er—do you happen to remember what time I arrived home last Wednesday?"

Peterson reflected a moment. "At your usual time, sir, I think. A little after six-thirty. Yes, I'm certain, because a casserole. . . ."

Mr. Pelham waved him away irritably. He could not have been at Flat 10 Montague Court, Maida Valę, and the White Lion in Bishopsgate simultaneously. And he *had* been at his flat. He found it all absolutely inexplicable, and for the next week took life rather soberly. He read up all he could about "doubles," for he was becoming convinced that somewhere in London was a man who was, as the saying went, "the very spit and image of him"—even to the different coloured eyes, a fact which he had cleverly elicited from Mason during their afternoon's golf. For, of course, he had kept the appointment, slightly curious indeed to see whether the man who had actually made it dared to turn up.

He also realized the disturbing factor that the unknown was evidently no longer unaware of the resemblance. Instead of understandably cutting Mr. Pelham's acquaintances, he was now wilfully deceiving them. Or was it perhaps just some hoax, with Mason and others implicated? The thought hurt him: he had always been friends with everybody and had done nothing to deserve it. But if it were not that, it was obvious that the unknown was becoming bolder.

HOW much bolder, Mr. Pelham did not fully appreciate till the following Thursday. He had dined at his club and was just going home when the hall porter, with a pleased smile, handed him a box of cigarettes. It was a hundred box, with a dozen or so gone. They were of the brand he smoked.

"You left this in the billiard-room when you were playing last night, sir. Luckily the marker remembered your ordering them."

"I? . . . Mine? . . . ." he stammered, and for a moment swayed and clutched at a table.

"No doubt it escaped your memory,

sir," suggested the man indulgently. Privately he thought Mr. Pelham lucky to get them back, but he supposed the marker had considered it wasn't worth risking. A wrong decision, too, it seemed, for Mr. Pelham was staring at the cigarettes as if he'd never seen them before. As indeed he hadn't, for if one thing was absolutely clear in his mind, it was that he had not been in the club last night. And that meant that the unknown double was such an identical counterpart of himself in every way that he could impersonate him successfully at his own club, not just briefly, but over a considerable period of time; for any suggestion of the incident being part of a cruel and utterly undeserved leg-pull was now practically ruled out. No one would go so far as to enlist the club servants' help in such a matter.

He pulled himself together, clutched at the box with a mumbled word, and went out, the hall porter eyeing him curiously. If he hadn't known Mr. Pelham to be reasonably abstemious, he would have put his own construction on the matter.

MR. PELHAM had recovered his spirits by next morning, and by the afternoon had begun to feel angry. This sort of thing had got to be stopped, though he had no very clear idea how to set about it. He did not particularly want to call the police in; and anyway there had been no attempt so far by the Double, as he now called him, to profit from the resemblance. For he had naturally ascertained from the club secretary that no account had been run up in his name or cheques cashed.

He pondered the matter and a few evenings later (*Continued on page* 67)

THE door of the sitting-room opened. A man came out. Mr. Pelham stood transfixed

MUSIC'S FANTASTIC LOVER

The marriage of Berlioz to Harriet Smithson, and of his other loves. . .

NO fever chart could show such jagged peaks and drops as the love-graph of Hector Berlioz, the composer. In the autumn of 1827 he saw the beautiful Harriet Smithson, first as Ophelia, then as Juliet. At twenty-seven she was tall, graceful, dazzling, with lovely arms, soft Irish voice, ineffable charm in her acting. Berlioz, an obscure, penniless young aspirant of twenty-three, wrote of that fateful first night: "By the third act, half-stifled by emotion, I cried to myself: *'I am lost, I am lost!'*"

"Terror-struck, she pointed me out to those around her, begging them to beware of the man with the wild eyes."

Lost ? But he would soon find himself—and her. He would give a concert to attract her attention. Night after night he sat up copying orchestra parts of his music, and induced the manager of the Opera Comique to include an overture of his on her benefit night. On going to the theatre to rehearse he found the cast finishing a scene, with Juliet in Romeo's arms.

" On seeing the group," he said, " I gave a hoarse, despairing cry, and wringing my hands wildly, fled from the theatre. Juliet saw and heard me. Terror-struck, she pointed me out to those around her, begging them to beware of the man with the wild eyes."

More than a year later he wrote to a friend : " What if I should attain to being loved by Ophelia, or at least if my love should flatter and please her ? My heart beats high, in vain my imagination makes terrific efforts to comprehend the immensity of such happiness." And early in 1830 : " She is still in London, yet I seem to feel her near me ; all my earlier feelings for her are aroused, combining to tear me to pieces." He began pouring his overwrought emotions into that lava-flow of eruptive genius, the " Symphonie Fantastique : Episode in the Life of an Artist."

BUT suddenly they took a surprising turn. By May he was writing of Harriet : " I pity and despise her. She is but an ordinary type of woman, endowed with an instinctive power to express those pangs of the human soul which she has never felt, and incapable of entertaining a great and noble sentiment like that with which I have honoured her."

The reason ? He had been horrified by hearing scandal about her. And he had met, in a school where he taught the guitar, an attractive girl of nineteen who taught the piano there : Marie-Félicité-Denise Moke, known as " Camille," and destined to become a famous pianist. On the rebound she was his " violent distraction." His letters to friend Ferrand were now about her :

" All the tenderness and delicacy love can hold, I possess. My ravishing sylph, my Ariel, my life, seems to love me more than ever. . . . In her slender form, her capricious flight, her distracting grace, and her musical genius, I recognised the Ariel of Shakespeare. . . . I have just relinquished the hand of my adored Camille, and that is why mine trembles so and I am writing so badly." Harriet, who had evidently returned, gets but secondary mention : " That wretched girl Smithson is still here. I have never set eyes on her since my return."

At first Camille's mother was not at all approving, but eventually he obtained her consent to marry at Easter 1832, provided he first went to Italy for a year, since he had won the coveted Prix de Rome. To Rome accordingly he went, dreaming all the time of his adored Ariel ; and in April 1831 at Florence received a rude shock, a letter from the mother announcing Camille's marriage to M. Pleydel, the piano-maker.

BERLIOZ'S reaction to hate was as volcanic as his reaction to love. " Tears of rage rushed to my eyes and my decision was made instantly. It was to go to Paris, where I must kill without mercy two guilty women and an innocent man." The treacherous Mme. Moke was now " Camille's hippopotamus of a mother." Neither she nor her equally faithless daughter should escape his terrible vengeance.

So that they would not get news of his approach, he took with him in the coach, to use as disguise, the clothes of a lady's maid. He also had a brace of pistols, laudanum and strychnine. No half-measures about the frenetic, love-crossed Berlioz. His route to Paris was by way of Genoa ; he had trouble over his passport, so decided to travel via Nice instead of Turin and the Alps.

All might have been well—or rather, ill—had he not lost his disguise in changing coaches at Pietra Santa and been compelled to wait in Genoa while another was being made for him. Evidently the delay and frustration were too much for his overstrained nerves. At Genoa, he wrote : " A moment of giddiness, the most incredible weakness, destroyed my will-power. I gave way to the despair of a child ; but I escaped with a drink of salt water, being gaffed like a salmon, lying dead in the sun for a quarter of an hour. I do not know who rescued me ; they thought I had fallen by accident from the town's ramparts." A hapless anti-climax for one resolved to slay mercilessly in the guise of a lady's maid and so avenge a broken heart. At Nice he was again thwarted. The authorities thought that this wild-eyed red-head with the inflamed look must be

Story by
ARNOLD WAREING.

He had met, in a school where he taught the guitar, an attractive girl of nineteen, who taught the piano there. On the rebound she was his " violent distraction."

"I escaped with a drink of salt water, lying dead in the sun for a quarter of an hour. I do not know who rescued me; they thought I had fallen by accident from the town's ramparts."

Illustrations by
JACK MATTHEW.

a dangerous revolutionary. Oh; a *composer*, was he? Well, then, where was his piano?

BY November that year he was back in Paris—significantly, in an apartment which, it so chanced, had previously been occupied by "that wretched girl

Smithson." Harriet was back in Paris, too, beginning a new season with her company at the Théâtre Italien. But Paris was now inclined to tire of her. The season was not a successful one. Her fortunes were on the wane, her debts in the ascendant. One harsh critic even wrote: "The best fortune of the English company is that it is only seven leagues from Calais to Dover. A good wind!" To worsen matters, she fell from her coach and broke a leg.

Berlioz thought a good deal about her but sullenly resolved to keep away. She, however, came to the first performance of the "Lélio" sequel to the "Fantastique," and in it heard the touching words: "Shall I never meet this Juliet, this Ophelia, for whom my heart wearies?" Now, under the blight of ill-fortune, she was much more approachable; soon he felt anew his old passion and devotion. The wooing, however, was a stormy one, blowing now hot, now cold, as Harriet hesitated and wavered.

At one point he found temporary solace for "this horrible separation" in the arms of "a pretty young girl of eighteen who fled four years ago from a wretch who had bought her as a child, and until four years back, had kept her in a state of bondage; she is scared to death at the thought of falling again into this monster's hands, and vows that she would rather throw herself into the river than return to him." Berlioz thought of running off with her, only the link with Harriet was too strong.

AT times there were violent scenes. In one, Harriet's "detestable sister" tore up their marriage licence. Harriet would reproach him tearfully with loving her no longer. "Tired of the struggle," he says, "I replied to that by taking poison before her eyes. Fearful shrieks from Harriet—sublime despair—mocking laughter from me—desire to live once more on hearing her frantic avowals of love—emetic—ipecacuanha—results which lasted for ten hours—only two grains of opium remained. I was ill for three days, but got over it."

Possibly in desperation, she eventually yielded and they were married in 1833. "At last," he wrote, "Harriet being still weak and quite ruined, I married her in spite of the opposition of our two families. All our resources on the wedding day were 300 francs lent me by Gounet. But what did it matter since she was mine?"

What, indeed? He was marrying a dream, a vision of six years ago, lit by the genius of Shakespeare and the glamour of the footlights; a dream somewhat changed and faded now, but still a dream. And he could offer her his own proved genius in many works besides the "Symphonie Fantastique" she had inspired.

Their marriage was blessed with a son, and anything but blessed by Harriet's jealousy as his fame grew—a jealousy which prompted her to pry into his letters and private papers and led to scenes and bitter quarrels. He temporised with his dream for some seven years, then began smuggling his precious music out of his home batch by batch, and in the end left his Juliet for a singer at the Opera, Marie Recio.

Was this yet another dream? Maybe, for a time. It was evidently her ambition to marry him, for marry him she did, after Harriet's death, in 1854. Dreams were good for the famous composer; they enriched his work. Marrying them was, perhaps, part of the price he paid for immortality; and possibly part of the price they paid, too. Camille had escaped by becoming the celebrated Mme. Pleydel, which no doubt had its compensations . . . [END]

Their marriage was anything but blessed by Harriet's jealousy as his fame grew—a jealousy which prompted her to pry into his letters and private papers.

BY CURTISS HAMILTON

ILLUSTRATION BY HODGKINSON

Peers have now become florists and caterers in order to maintain their homes

"Stately Homes"

IN the last few years throwing open the doors of ancestral mansions to the public has become big business. Festival year saw probably a million people paying half-a-crown each to visit the scores of stately homes whose owners have decided the only way to weather the blizzard of death duties, supertax, soaring repair costs and high wages is with public assistance. Even twenty years ago the idea of the bearer of a great name and inheritor of a famous mansion throwing it open to the public for any reason except charity would have seemed revolutionary.

Now many of the great families have had to face the fact that charity begins at home. The half-crowns paid by the public for the privilege of seeing the inside of ancestral homes, the profits from satisfying their needs for lunches and teas and selling them guide books, fruit and flowers do not make the owners of the stately homes any richer; but (*Continued on page* 56)

CURELLE'S eyes motioned Edwards to look below. There in a pool beneath the fall was Laurette

BECAUSE OF A WOMAN

Her memory was so short, but his so good
that for five years she
had symbolized all his escapist desires

Short Story by
John Laffin

Illustrations by
Lea

HE had come back. After these five long years there was Vanico a few miles ahead, its lush greenness in sharp contrast to the incredible blue of the sea.

He stood in the bow of the ship and watched the island grow, forming itself into those well-remembered hills and valleys, with the vegetation coming down to the water's edge.

It was as pretty as he had remembered it, prettier even than his desire and frustration had painted it. Why hadn't he succumbed and come back before, he asked himself. But he knew there were a dozen reasons why he hadn't.

"Well, Mr. Edwards, there it is," someone said and he started. It was the fourth officer. He pushed his white cap back a little and hands on hips squinted at the island. "Like to be coming ashore with you," he said wistfully. "Must be nice to lose yourself in a place like that for a while. You were here during the war, weren't you?"

Edwards nodded. He didn't want to talk about it. His emotions choked down all desire to. But an instant later he felt churlish and said: "Two years I spent on Vanico and the islands round about."

The young officer whistled. "What drags you back then?" he said curiously.

"Business," Edwards said.

The officer stared at him for a moment. "Well, you'll be going ashore in a few minutes. There'll be a boat out from the town to take you off. The purser said to tell you that if you aren't staying long there'll be a ship by about dawn tomorrow. Just have a radio message sent off and she'll pick you up. No boat after that for a fortnight. You'll have to radio even then. Vanico isn't a regular stop."

"Thanks," Edwards said. "It will be a fortnight at least. It might be much longer." He spoke quietly and something in his manner froze the officer off. When Edwards looked about he had gone.

HE got his two cases from his cabin and stood near where they had dropped a ladder over the side. The other passengers were lining the rails, spotting the island through binoculars, watching the launch cutting towards the idling ship, looking curiously at Edwards. Controlling his racing mind by an effort of will, Edwards made himself say good-bye to the few people he had got to know on the trip and then he was over the side and climbing down the ladder. Someone lowered his cases after him. He didn't look back as the launch fended off from the big white ship and made back to the shore.

"Been to Vanico before, sir?" the young man driving the boat said, and Edwards noticed him for the first time. He was tall and brown and wore only a pair of white shorts and an unpressed sail hat. An assistant agent learning the ropes of the shipping and general agents that employed him.

"I was here during the war," Edwards said. He felt overdressed in his light fawn suit, tie and panama hat. He looked like a tourist, when he knew more about this island than this boy would ever know.

"*During* the war?" the boy said, eyebrows raised.

Edwards sighed inwardly. "I was with an Army special group," he said. He wanted to ask this youth if Laurette Jourdan still lived here. But he couldn't. The whole place would know within an hour that he had come back to see Laurette. "Came back to see if it had changed much," he said. "And I was good friends with some of the planters."

"Tarcier? Roget? De Klacke?" the boy asked. "They're still here."

"And Laurette Jourdan?" Edwards wanted to shout. "Is she still here?" The words wouldn't come.

"Yes," he said. "They're some of them. Seems a long time ago now."

"Probably does to you," the boy laughed. "But I was only ten when the war started. Time doesn't mean much from ten to twenty."

Ten. Edwards thought. This young giant had been only ten when he himself had enlisted. Was he that old? When this boy was ten he had been twenty-five. He didn't speak again until the younger man expertly docked the launch and lifted Edwards's cases from the craft.

He carried one of them to the Hotel Villiers and dropped it by the reception desk. He stood grinning at Edwards.

"If things get too dull drop into our offices," he said. "We can run to a shandy and table tennis to pep things up. Cheerio; let's know if I can do anything for you."

The place was silent when he had gone. Edwards looked (*Continued on page* 54)

English Rose Kitchen Equipment characterises all that is fine in British workmanship and design, and that is why it is to be found throughout the world in the homes of those discerning people who recognise, and will be satisfied with nothing less than The Best. If, therefore, you cannot obtain an "English Rose" Kitchen as quickly as you would wish, remember that the need to Export must be met, and draw consolation from the fact that "English Rose" is well worth waiting for.

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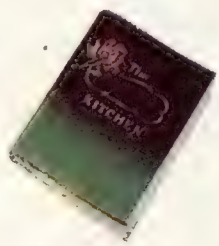

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BY TREVOR HOLLOWAY

Weather Sense and Non-sense

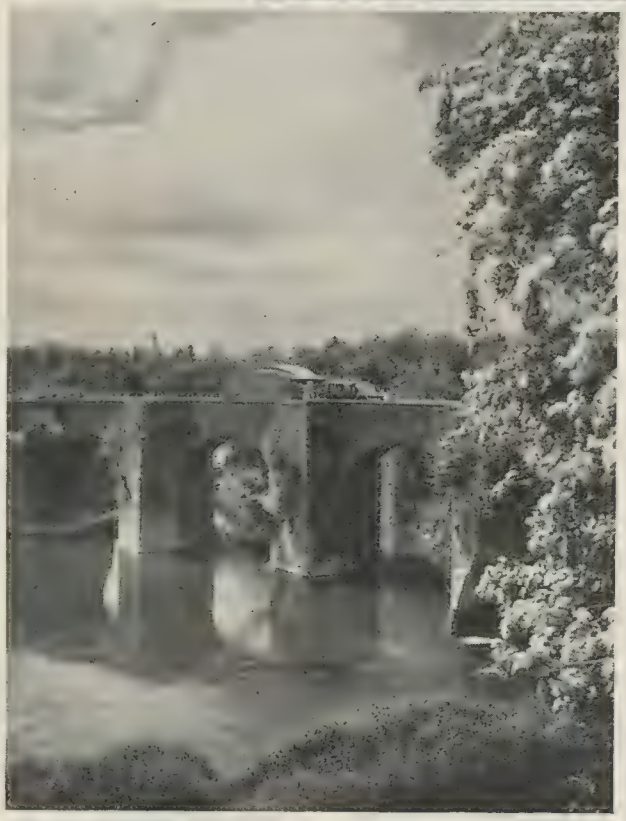
Some are guided by meteorology, others adhere to weather lore

Clouds can tell us much about to-morrow's weather

IT may be that by A.D. 2052 the Government of the day will stand or fall on the policy of its Ministry of Weather Control. A rather intriguing speculation, this—and not a little alarming. Supposing that by pressing various knobs and switches on a control panel some Whitehall official is able to lay on sunshine or shower for any part of the country in accordance with a pre-arranged schedule—whatever will folk find to talk about, if not the prospect of fair weather or foul?

The milkman will be lost for words and a strained silence will prevail on the 8.30 a.m. to town. On the other hand, Whitehall-made weather might well occasion civil war, and the much harassed Minister of Weather Control, poor chap, might be torn limb from limb by the infuriated landladies of Somewhere-on-Sea who were issued a Bank Holiday downpour in error.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that if a Gallup Poll was taken to-day on the most popular topic of conversation, the subject of weather would be well at the head of the list.



(*Above*) Cumulus clouds drift leisurely across the sky like huge fluffy masses of cotton wool

(*Left*) The stratus is the lowest cloud formation of all and appears as long horizontal streaks of white about sunset after a warm day

In well modulated voice the B.B.C. announcer tells us dispassionately, and several times daily, just what the Clerk of the Weather has up his sleeve for us—or, at least, what the met. men predict he has. Alas, as most of us know only too well, the backroom boys are sometimes led up the garden path and we are led into wide open spaces without macs or umbrellas! It is then that the old country folk chide us for putting our faith in new-fangled notions and advise us to get our own weather lore direct from Nature herself.

There is no denying the fact that people who live close to nature have learnt to interpret her advance messages very accurately. It is equally true, much as I dislike debunking old beliefs, that past generations have handed down to us a great deal of weather lore that is nothing more than old wives' tales—pithy little rhymes and maxims which are flights of fancy rather than fact. If we wish to become our own weather prophets, the first thing we must do is to separate the sheep from the goats—in other words, try and single out what is sense and what is nonsense.

I HAVE just been reading a few extracts from R. C. Benstead's most enlightening book, aptly titled *The Weather Eye*, which covers the whole range of weather prophecy from the early rhymes and proverbs down to the scientifically compiled bulletins which come to us by Press and radio. Now Mr. Benstead should know what he is talking about, for during the war he was a meteorological officer aboard an aircraft carrier.

No doubt you are all familiar with that old ditty:

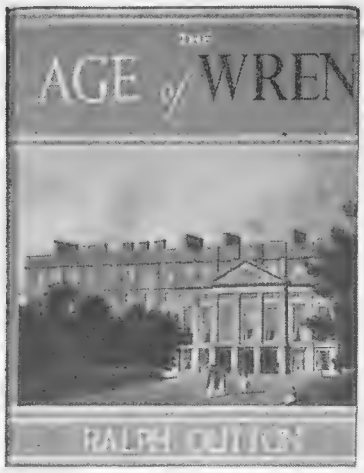
If the oak's before the ash,
Then you'll only get a splash;
But, if the ash precedes the oak,
Then you may expect a soak.

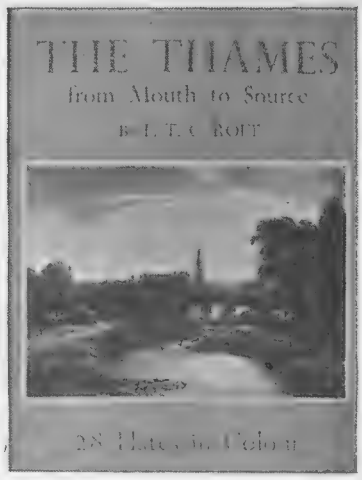
Alas for our old and cherished beliefs! Mr. Benstead bowls us out right away by quoting authorities on forestry as stating: "Priority of budding depends on the nature of the subsoil"! What about the legend of St. Swithin? Not a word of truth in it, apparently. Official records knock the bottom out of this one with cold, hard facts and figures which show that if it does rain on that good Saint's day there's absolutely no evidence to prove it will rain continuously for the next forty days, or even hours.

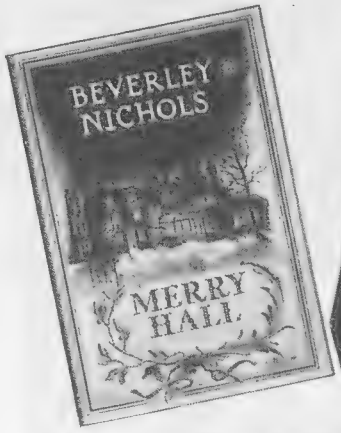
Then there are those who still cling to the old belief that if gulls are seen far inland, wild and stormy weather is at hand. Few of us will (*Continued on page* 66)

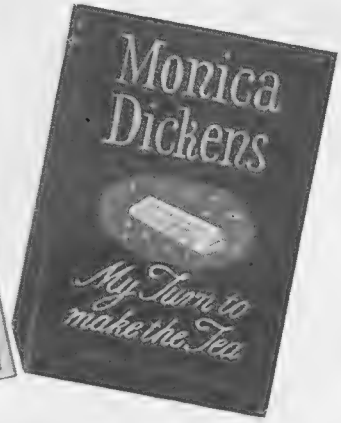
Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen





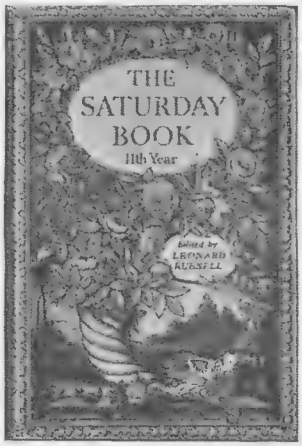


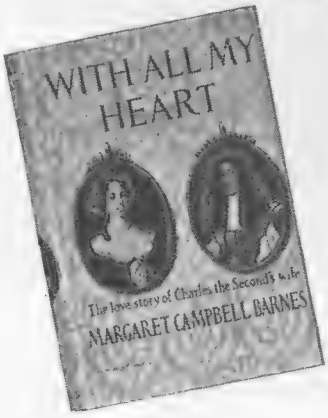


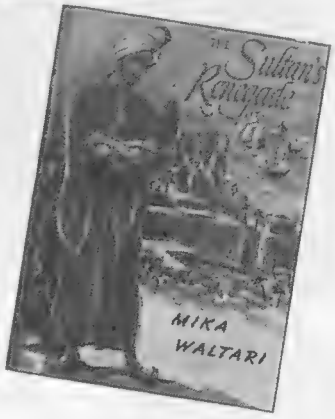
"I READ books," said a friend of mine, "because I like to nose into other people's lives." A most unliterary pretext, yet it underlies the pleasure most of us have in reading biographies and autobiographies.

The life Charles Graves writes about in **"The Bad Old Days"** (Faber, 15s.) is chiefly that of a social gossip columnist in the hectic era of the Bright Young People: the West End, Le Touquet, Deauville, Biarritz, the Riviera and all that; a life he found amusing, exciting, stimulating, but which to me would be a sort of nonstop Babylon. His tale glitters with stories of celebrities, and we learn incidentally that by the time he was four he'd kept a personal record of having swallowed nine peach and sixty-eight cherry stones; a precocious symptom of his adult passion for facts. A most entertaining record of the irresponsible "years between" by an alert chronicler of the passing show.

Monica Dickens's initiation was not on a London daily but on a small provincial paper of the kind that might have made its lead story: "RED-HAIRED KILLER SLAYS WIFE, MISTRESS IN SAME BED" but prefers "COUNCIL VETOES NEW SEWAGE PLAN FOR BUNGALOWS." In **"My Turn to Make the Tea"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), she recalls reporting assignments, editor, staff and their love affairs, quaint boarding-house characters. I hope the publisher sent review copies to every provincial paper in Britain. They'll love her jibe at the rival *Messenger*: "They can't even write journalese, let alone English."







Beverley Nichols takes us *Down the Garden Path* again and lets us nose around his Georgian manor and meet his old gardener in **"Merry Hall"** (Cape, 15s.). He forewarns that his prose may resemble the James Brydon *nymphaeas* described in catalogues as *a deep old rose pink that sometimes seems flushed with crimson*, for "when I begin to write about flowers I lose all sense of restraint, and it is far, far too late to do anything about it." Arch he is, sometimes even coy, since old houses and gardens bring out the rash in him; but addicts who share his dislike of London will adore it, demanding umpteen editions.

A strange world, indeed, Arthur Calder-Marshall takes us into, reminiscing about boyhood and Oxford, for it had links with that "Beast 666 of the Apocalypse" Aleister Crowley, his "black magic" rites, and young men like Raoul Loveday who came under his sinister influence. **"The Magic of My Youth"** (Hart-Davis, 12s. 6d.) is written from "creative memory" or "remembering up," which gives the author wide licence and latitude; but presumably this lucidly written memoir is essentially true.

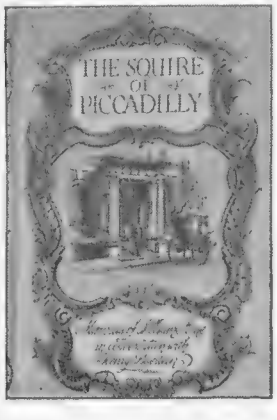
Not inaptly was Donald Peers's earliest song-number, "Why don't my dreams come true?" They came true for the poor Ammanford boy, house-painter, and £3-a-week concert-party singer, when he began getting radio engagements and duly starred at the Royal Albert Hall and Command Variety show. His simple life story—**"Pathway"** (Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d.)—has all the sentiment one

(*Continued on page 60*)

TWO ACE NOVELS

A REVIEWER who strikes a novel in which he can *live*, in complete absorption, has struck rare treasure. Edith de Born's **"The Bidou Inheritance"** (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.) held me in this way. It is about a Frenchwoman in Mauriac's Bordeaux country, daughter of a miserly, prudent but rich shopkeeper, who marries young, has a son, is left a widow, returns to her father's store, finds a lover in Bordeaux, and has to decide if she will marry the local mayor and deputy to give a child by the lover a name. Nothing extraordinary in that. But the style has a Latin strength and economy; the characterization is sharp and clear.

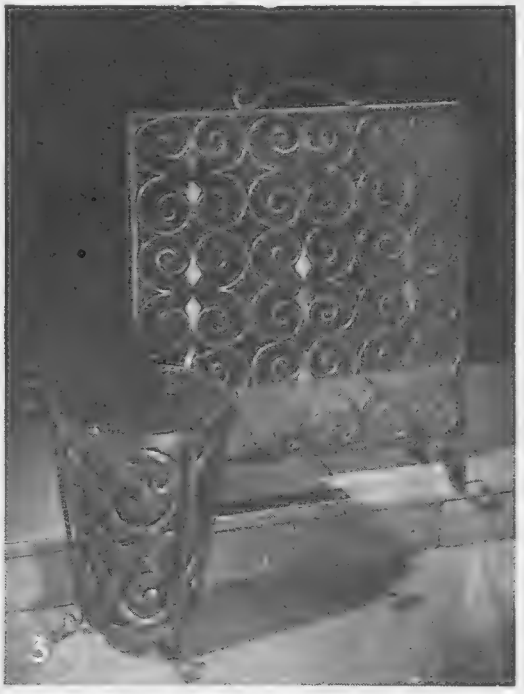
Neil M. Gunn's **"The Well at the World's End"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) symbolizes the magical moments in life when we transcend our normal selves. A professor touring the Highlands with his wife finds the well and is moved to go off alone to "find out if among ordinary people there were those moments of penetration, the instant when they went through the boundary . . ." Through adventures both mystical and humorous he moves, and around him is the poetry of nature and revelation. A novel unique, spiritually exciting, courageously "different."

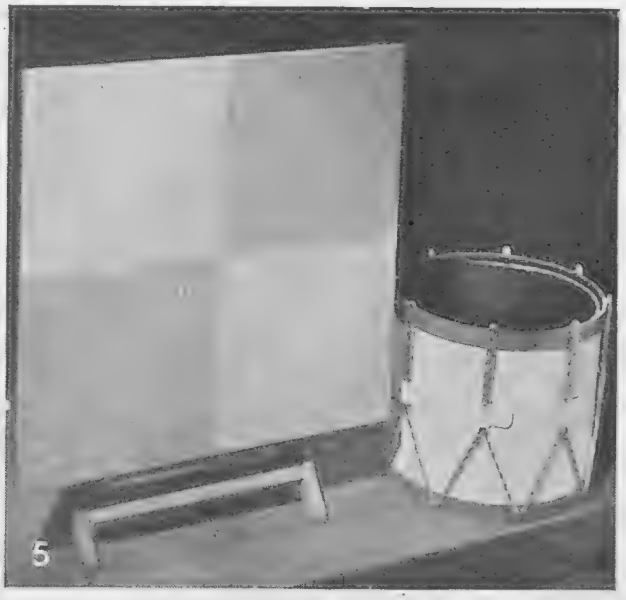


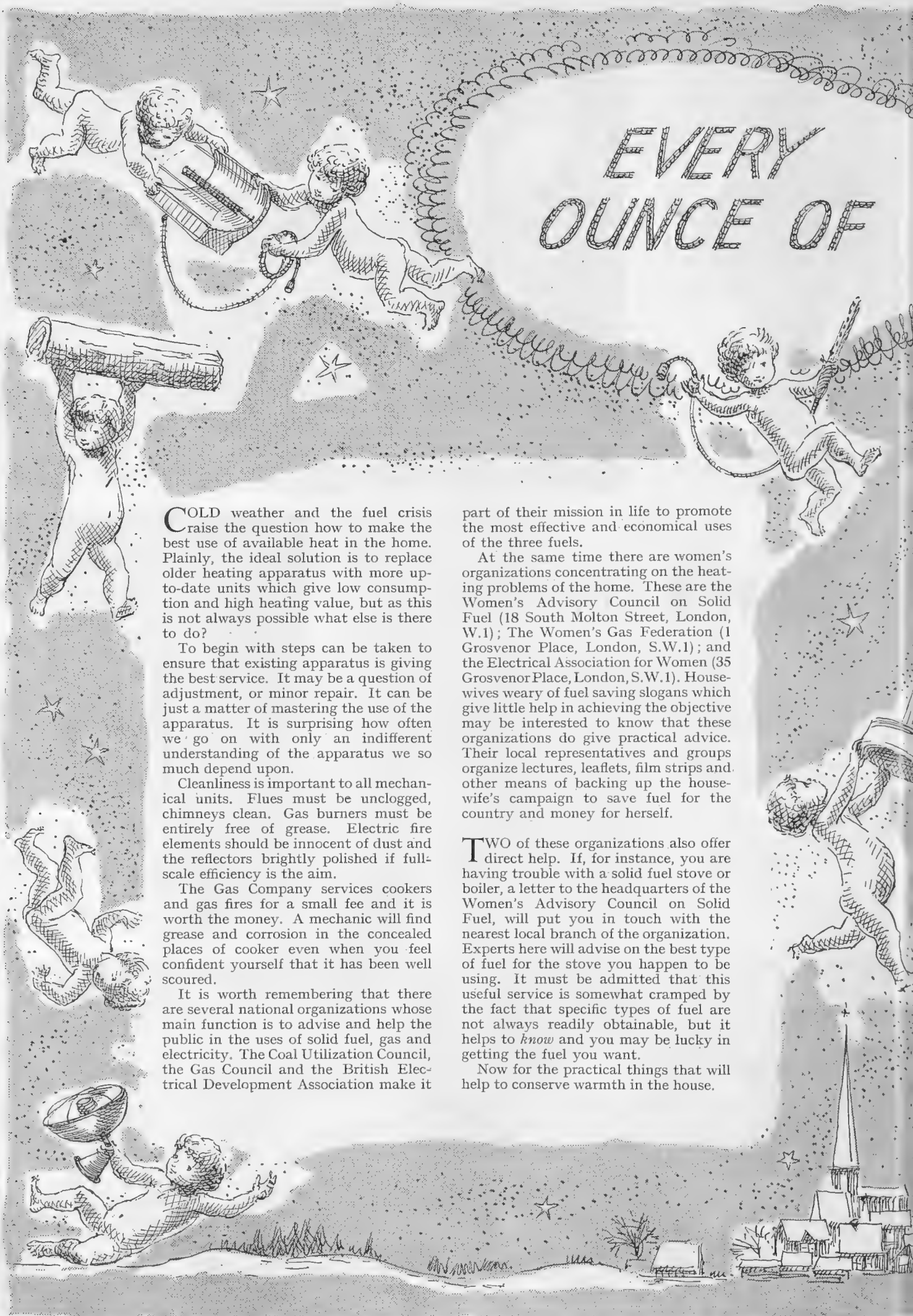
Hearth Furnishing

1. Brush and tongs find a new place of concealment behind the knight in armour who wears the poker for a sword. The figure is 26 inches high and has an armour bright surface to his suit of mail.
2. The coal box photographed is capacious enough to save constant refills at the cellar. It has a detachable lining and an armour bright finish.
3. A spark-proof fireguard in wrought iron and a small coal box with removable lining which has been specially designed to hold flowers on the hearth when fires are out of season.
4. Accommodating logs near the fire is a problem solved by a wrought-iron log cradle on which the wood can be neatly stacked.
5. For a modern furnishing scheme, a dual purpose table and fire-screen in natural, medium or dark oak. The drum coal box is painted in the traditional white with red and gold lacing.

We can tell you where to buy these fireplace accessories if you wish. Send a stamped, addressed envelope to "Britannia and Eve" Women's Department, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.







EVERY OUNCE OF

COLD weather and the fuel crisis raise the question how to make the best use of available heat in the home. Plainly, the ideal solution is to replace older heating apparatus with more up-to-date units which give low consumption and high heating value, but as this is not always possible what else is there to do?

To begin with steps can be taken to ensure that existing apparatus is giving the best service. It may be a question of adjustment, or minor repair. It can be just a matter of mastering the use of the apparatus. It is surprising how often we go on with only an indifferent understanding of the apparatus we so much depend upon.

Cleanliness is important to all mechanical units. Flues must be unclogged, chimneys clean. Gas burners must be entirely free of grease. Electric fire elements should be innocent of dust and the reflectors brightly polished if full-scale efficiency is the aim.

The Gas Company services cookers and gas fires for a small fee and it is worth the money. A mechanic will find grease and corrosion in the concealed places of cooker even when you feel confident yourself that it has been well scoured.

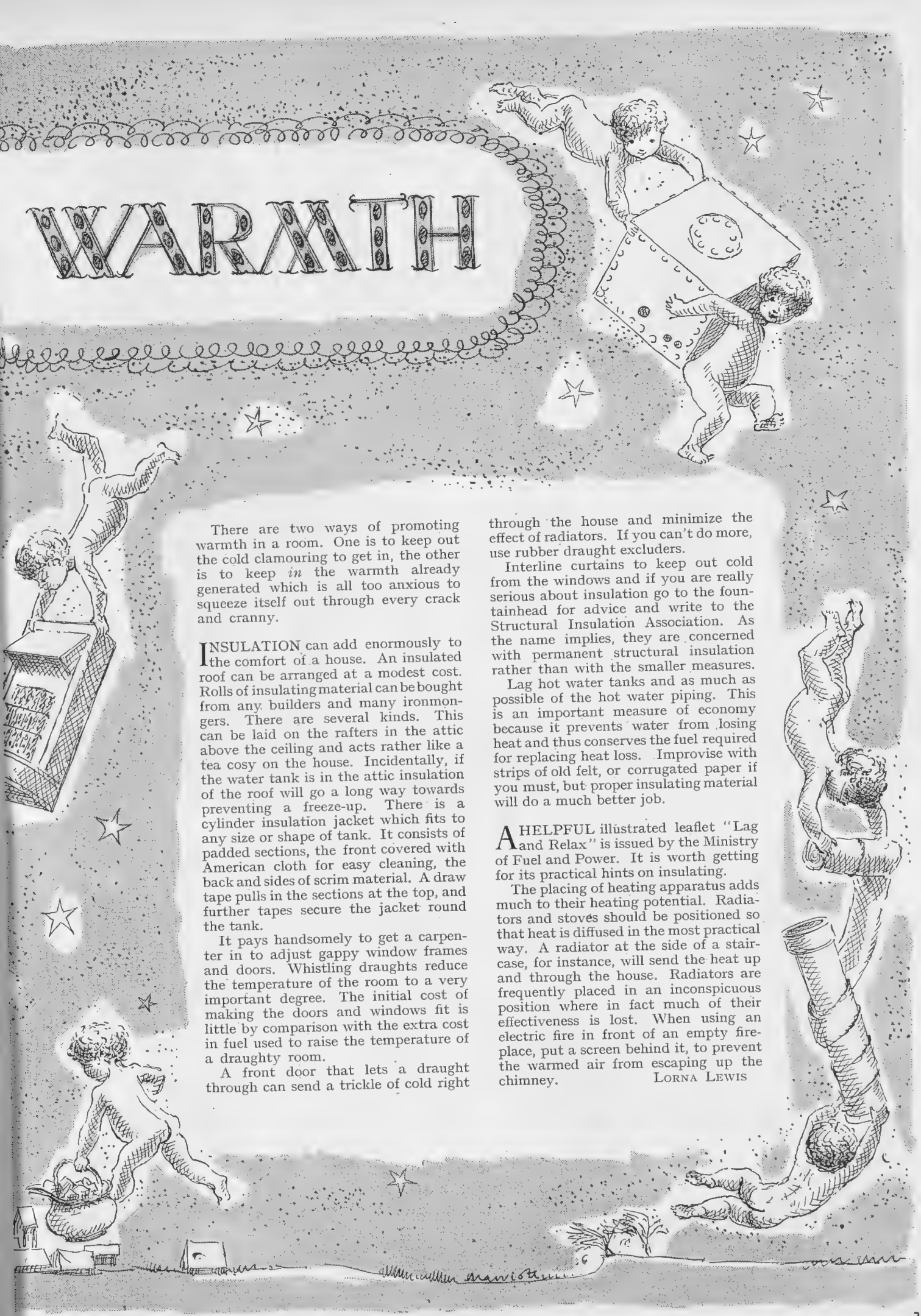
It is worth remembering that there are several national organizations whose main function is to advise and help the public in the uses of solid fuel, gas and electricity. The Coal Utilization Council, the Gas Council and the British Electrical Development Association make it part of their mission in life to promote the most effective and economical uses of the three fuels.

At the same time there are women's organizations concentrating on the heating problems of the home. These are the Women's Advisory Council on Solid Fuel (18 South Molton Street, London, W.1); The Women's Gas Federation (1 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1); and the Electrical Association for Women (35 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1). Housewives weary of fuel saving slogans which give little help in achieving the objective may be interested to know that these organizations do give practical advice. Their local representatives and groups organize lectures, leaflets, film strips and other means of backing up the housewife's campaign to save fuel for the country and money for herself.

TWO of these organizations also offer direct help. If, for instance, you are having trouble with a solid fuel stove or boiler, a letter to the headquarters of the Women's Advisory Council on Solid Fuel, will put you in touch with the nearest local branch of the organization. Experts here will advise on the best type of fuel for the stove you happen to be using. It must be admitted that this useful service is somewhat cramped by the fact that specific types of fuel are not always readily obtainable, but it helps to *know* and you may be lucky in getting the fuel you want.

Now for the practical things that will help to conserve warmth in the house.

WARMTH



There are two ways of promoting warmth in a room. One is to keep out the cold clamouring to get in, the other is to keep *in* the warmth already generated which is all too anxious to squeeze itself out through every crack and cranny.

INSULATION can add enormously to the comfort of a house. An insulated roof can be arranged at a modest cost. Rolls of insulating material can be bought from any builders and many ironmongers. There are several kinds. This can be laid on the rafters in the attic above the ceiling and acts rather like a tea cosy on the house. Incidentally, if the water tank is in the attic insulation of the roof will go a long way towards preventing a freeze-up. There is a cylinder insulation jacket which fits to any size or shape of tank. It consists of padded sections, the front covered with American cloth for easy cleaning, the back and sides of scrim material. A draw tape pulls in the sections at the top, and further tapes secure the jacket round the tank.

It pays handsomely to get a carpenter in to adjust gappy window frames and doors. Whistling draughts reduce the temperature of the room to a very important degree. The initial cost of making the doors and windows fit is little by comparison with the extra cost in fuel used to raise the temperature of a draughty room.

A front door that lets a draught through can send a trickle of cold right through the house and minimize the effect of radiators. If you can't do more, use rubber draught excluders.

Interline curtains to keep out cold from the windows and if you are really serious about insulation go to the fountainhead for advice and write to the Structural Insulation Association. As the name implies, they are concerned with permanent structural insulation rather than with the smaller measures.

Lag hot water tanks and as much as possible of the hot water piping. This is an important measure of economy because it prevents water from losing heat and thus conserves the fuel required for replacing heat loss. Improvise with strips of old felt, or corrugated paper if you must, but proper insulating material will do a much better job.

A HELPFUL illustrated leaflet "Lag and Relax" is issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power. It is worth getting for its practical hints on insulating.

The placing of heating apparatus adds much to their heating potential. Radiators and stoves should be positioned so that heat is diffused in the most practical way. A radiator at the side of a staircase, for instance, will send the heat up and through the house. Radiators are frequently placed in an inconspicuous position where in fact much of their effectiveness is lost. When using an electric fire in front of an empty fireplace, put a screen behind it, to prevent the warmed air from escaping up the chimney.

LORNA LEWIS

Hatching A Nest Egg

SOME of us would never be at a loss to know what to do with a nest egg if one came our way. There is the car one has always hoped to afford; the trip to the States; the good fur coat and any number of things of the same ilk; but for others who are perhaps not so much cautious as commonsensed, the acquisition of a nest egg poses the question, "how to make it work for me without undue risk?"

It is a serious problem needing serious thought. On finding oneself with a small legacy, an endowment insurance matured, or the few hundred pounds which might be called "spare," is it best to leave it in the bank, earning nothing, clamouring to be spent, or can it be increased in a modest way with safety?

Since we are discussing the relatively small sum, speculation can be ruled out. Stock Exchange operations call for large capital margins and steady nerves, not to say the very best advice. The City is not the place for the uninitiated with a small capital to invest. The aim is to deposit the nest egg where it will do a little better than on deposit at the bank and still be safe.

For the older person, and if the sum is substantial enough, an annuity is worth considering because it represents certain immediate advantages. Insurance companies handle this class of business and, broadly speaking it operates as follows:

A SUM of money is made over to an insurance company by the purchaser of the annuity in exchange for which the company pays an annual fixed income which, naturally, varies in relation to the amount paid and the age of the depositor. The older the depositor the higher the income may be expected to be for the very obvious reason that the older person's expectation of life is shorter and the company's liability, which lapses at the depositor's death, is limited. Nevertheless, if the depositor should live to be a hundred or more, the company continues to pay the income. It must be understood that neither the depositor nor her heirs have any further claim upon the capital.

An annuity is, so to speak, a kind of life insurance in reverse. In the case of life insurance, the company gambles on the assumption that the insured person will live a long time to pay the premiums. In the case of an annuity it is the reverse.

Property seems to offer very little as an investment for the owner of a nest egg, except where the "few hundreds" makes it possible to raise the substantial deposit now required on a mortgage. Unless one intends to occupy the house, property is, in many respects a liability, since rents of smaller properties are controlled at the 1939 level.

AS the price of houses has rocketed since then, the net income represents a rather poor interest on the sum invested. I use the term "net" because, apart from Income Tax (and unearned income at that), the property owner is normally responsible for structural repairs. At the present cost of labour and materials these charges may prove a very serious liability on an older house.

The picture lightens when the house is acquired for your own occupation. If the nest egg provides the deposit on a mortage and the repayments can be met out of income, a property investment may prove worth while. Here a word of warning is timely. One often sees advertisements offering "mortgages on easy terms." Such offers should be investigated with care when they do not emanate from a substantial building society with a known reputation. In cases where a "small deposit" is asked, it is advisable to take the advice of a solicitor. Financial miracles just do not happen to-day. The responsible building societies work to a very strict ruling. They may require a larger deposit than the other fellow, they may be more exacting, in your opinion, but they are safe.

The Post Office Savings Bank is, of course, completely sound, but interest is small (£2 10s. per year for every hundred pounds deposited and deposits are restricted to five hundred per year). (*Continued on page 72*)

Costumes in Clay

THE urge to collect sometimes manifests itself in infancy with birds' eggs, moths, stamps and autographs. Sometimes it reappears in later life as passion for antiques, or it may break out in a less aesthetic form as a craze for queer matchboxes, or holiday snapshots. Whichever form it takes collecting *something* is fascinating in itself.

For myself I find amusement in a collection of china figures illustrating period costume. It is not a consistent collection. It is, in fact a hotchpotch. Some of it is in the frankly cheaper and less tasteful genre of the hoop-la ornament of the last century, other pieces have real merit. All of it is fun.

There are Gaiety girls (above) which might be portraits in china of Lily Elsie herself; fair Hortense the equestrienne holding her whip with plump thighs and corded cape which hit off the fashions of their own period as effectively as the self-effacing Victorian serving-maid and the bathing belle of a later period do in theirs. The Victorian post boy, coupled in the picture with the equestrienne, is a favourite piece emanating from the Watcombe works, Torquay, now derelict, which produced only terra cotta ware.

Mary Mitchell Smith's charming group (right, at the top of the page) uses the Victorian costume to express an attitude of quiet contemplation and elegance. Arnold Machin's group, by Wedgwood (top left) is again modern, and the group by Mrs. Pleydell-Railston, right, takes its character and costumes from a Goya picture.

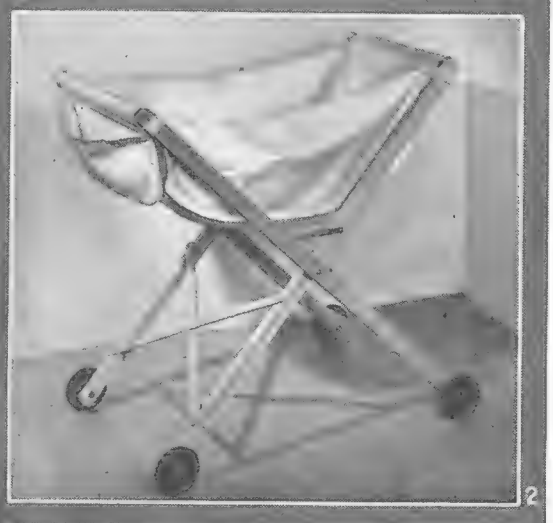
BEA HOWE

EASE ON WHEELS

Mobility is a new word in the housewife's vocabulary and represents anything on wheels that helps to accomplish the daily round with minimum effort. Here is a selection of trolleys with a variety of applications

1

THE first is a triple purpose trolley well named the Ekonospace. It is in three separate units, trolley, serving tray and table, which can be assembled to make a one, two or three-tiered trolley as required. The Ekonospace can be obtained in walnut, dark oak, antique mahogany, natural mahogany or Slavonian beech, and all parts are treated with a heat-resisting polish. It sells for £12 11s. 4d. complete, or any of the parts can be bought separately, the trolley £5 17s. 4d., the table £4 4s. 0d., and the serving tray £2 10s. 0d.


2

The laundry trolley (2) is a useful washday help on wheels, for transporting wet clothes from washtub to garden line. There is ample accommodation for quite a large wash and a pocket for pegs and clothes-line. Washday over, it folds flat for storage, the price is £3 2s. 6d.

Television sets of the table model design are more often than not put on a make-shift stand which was never designed for the purpose, either with regard to height or strength. To move the set either for the convenience of viewer or to make some adjustment to tuning involves some danger to its thirty odd lbs. of delicate mechanism. These television tables (3) on easy running castors solves the practical problems of viewing. It means that the set can be tucked away, yet easily trundled into position for viewing. It is at the correct height for good viewing and the shelf below takes the *Radio Times* and other relevant literature. In unpolished oak, the price is £4 9s. 6d.

3

The collapsible trolley (4) is designed for use in small flats and rooms where space is restricted. When not in use, the two trays lift out and the frame folds flat. In unpolished oak the trolley costs £4 16s. 0d., in polished oak, £5 6s. 8d.

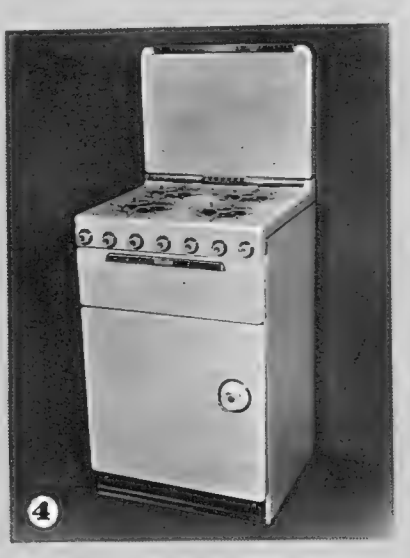
The tea trolley (5) in mahogany and beech from Heals, is in the modern mood and a pleasing piece of furniture in its own right. Its breakaway from traditional design gives it practical advantages, as well as adding to its elegance.

4

5

Worth Considering

HANDSOME kitchen stools in chromium and beechwood (1) for sitting down to the chores. There are two heights to suit individual requirements, the 15-in. being 35s. Where space is at a premium, the folding chairback clothes-drier (2) will appeal, 8s. 5d. The Joel television table (3) with its revolving top solves the problem of siting the television set. The price is 4 gns. New features of the new Raymond gas cooker (4) selling at about 60gns. are the concealed plate-rack, large hotplate, grill and oven capacity, safety gas taps, automatic lighting—all worth considering. For the methodical, or the unmethodical, man the valet stand (5) is a practical aid to tidiness, £2 7s. 6d. The Aga iron (6) heats at no cost at all on an Aga or solid-fuel cooker. The iron is in two parts, a cover and two sole plates. It retains its heat for five minutes, allowing time for the second sole plate to be heated to ironing temperature. Cost at the time of going to press, 37s. 6d. A kitchen cabinet (7) with ample storage has a reversible top which becomes an ironing table, is £9 19s. 6d. The magi-rack (8) for kitchen or garage. It is magnetised to hold any steel implement. In enamel, 17s. 6d.



Photographs 1 and 3 above show how built-in furniture can make the utmost use of available space. The unusual combination of polished mahogany and painted wood distinguishes the fitment designed for a lounge hall (2).

TAILORED TO

IF you are furnishing for the first time, or if a change of house or flat leaves you with extra rooms to plan, you may do well to consider the advantages of built-in furniture.

Fitted furniture is rather more expensive than the utility variety, but it is considerably cheaper than good-class furniture outside the utility range. It is exempt from purchase tax, in most cases—a fact very well worthy of note, for it means that you get full value for money.

Firms which undertake this type of work emphasize that the materials employed are identical with those used for finest, hand-made furniture. (In most cases to-day the bulk of wood used is mahogany.)

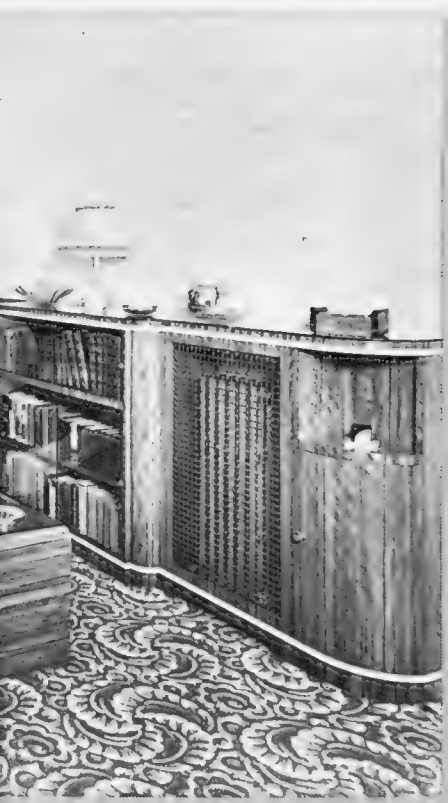
Apart from the question of personal taste, there are practical arguments in support of fitted furniture. It is space and labour-saving. It is specially suitable for the small or unusual-shaped room, where space awkward to utilise might otherwise be wasted. It does not, of course, harbour dust and dirt to the same extent as pieces which need constant cleaning underneath and around.

Finally, a well-planned room can often be achieved by this means with far fewer items of furniture—often a considerable saving of initial outlay.

Built-in furniture can be had in many different styles, in a variety of woods, and in a widely differing range of finishes. It can be chosen to match or contrast with an existing colour scheme, or to create a completely new scheme of interior decorating.

If you think of buying built-in furniture, get in touch with a really reliable firm who specialise in this type of work and who have a reputation to maintain. They will probably ask for a floor plan of the room in question, and for an idea of your requirements in the way of furniture. If you need it, advice on colour-schemes and so forth is available.

It is not necessary to discard existing furniture when you buy built-in fitments. The photograph (5), for instance, shows what can be done with an intelligent combination of ordinary pieces and built-in fitments to create a bedroom which gives an impression of spaciousness and comfort. In this case, an existing fireplace was



YOUR ROOM

removed, and wardrobes built in at each side to form a recessed alcove for the bed-head. Space above the bed and wardrobes was boxed in, and the whole papered to give a flush, modern finish.

The dressing-table in the room is also built-in. For pieces of this kind, much is left to individual choice. Prices vary considerably, depending on whether there are simple shelves beneath the drapes, or a more elaborate fitment with drawers included. Roughly speaking, however, a 4-ft. dressing-table costs round about the same as utility—that is, in the region of £20.

FITTED furniture is especially helpful when a room plays the double role of sitting and dining-room, as in photograph (4). Here a fitment has been made to follow along the adjoining portions of two walls. Besides combining cupboards, bookshelves, and incorporating a radiator, it also finds room, right in the corner, for a settee. It is interesting to note that the dining-table, in this case, also forms part of the general space-saving scheme, for it is specially designed to fold, on card-table principles.

Perhaps one of the biggest headaches in a small house or flat is what to put in the hall. A double-cupboard fitment, incorporating an electric fire or radiator, is one suggestion; or something which includes a fitted corner cupboard to hold outdoor coats may be preferable.

The photograph (2) shows a modern hall treatment in which painted woodwork is used with stained and polished mahogany. Surprisingly enough, excellent effects are often obtained when painted woods and polished woods are used together in the same scheme.

There are endless possibilities for furniture tailored to fit a room: cupboards made to measure for the wall recesses found at either side of a fireplace and often a difficult size for ready-made wardrobes.

An example of how a bay can be put to good purpose can be seen from photographs 1 and 3, showing a desk fitment and a built-in dressing-table, both of which use space which might otherwise be wasted. The dressing-table has a plate-glass top, and mouldings are delicately picked out in old gold.

The wall fitments in the sitting-dining-room (4) is in Australian walnut banded with sycamore. Built-in wardrobes on either side of the bed-recess (5) are papered to match the rest of the room. Fitted wardrobes from ceiling to floor (6) can be made to any width.

Photographs by courtesy of Chippendale's Workshops, Ltd.

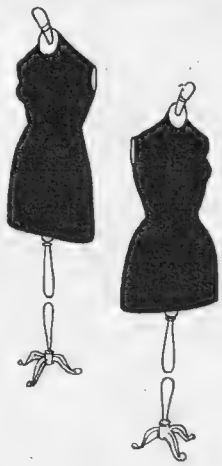
Outlining the Subject

IT goes almost without saying that the care used in choosing the clothes which become us best is wasted unless the form beneath the fabric is shapely. But few are blessed with the perfect outline, so artifice must give what Nature has failed to provide.

A scientifically-designed foundation garment goes much of the way towards this, but not quite all. Top dressings complete the work of the foundation. Always choose a foundation *first*. Select one devised to meet your case, then choose the outer garments which will continue the good work of enhancing the best points of your figure and minimising the not-so-good. Here are four basic figure types, with the foundations and the top garments most likely to improve them.

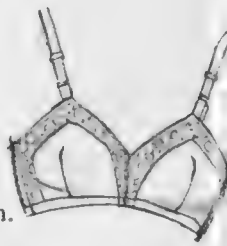
SHORT-WAISTED FIGURE

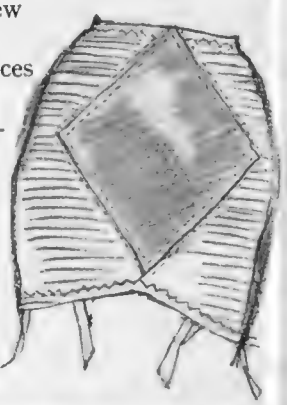
English Rose design a girdle with elastic side panels and nylon front and back panels for the short-waisted. The nylon elastic brassiere has elastic panels under the bust and at the back. The wool dress (below) uses diagonal tucks to elongate the short waist. Atrima.



NARROW WAIST AND WIDE HIPS

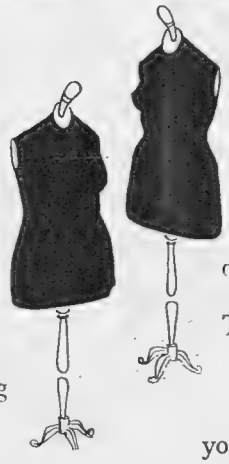
The narrow-waisted often tend to a sudden hip spring. The Enhance girdle (Lilly of France) meets the problem. Featherlight, its new principle of control reduces hips by inches without constriction. Matita's suit with rounded jacket front flatters the hips by emphasizing the waist.





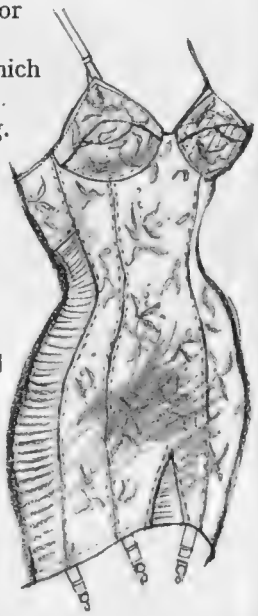
MIDDLE-AGE SPREAD

Gossards Tru Balance disciplines flesh by diagonal control which moves as the muscles move, lifting in front and flattening behind. The long line brassiere gives diaphragm control. The soft tailoring of Atrima's tweed streamlines the spreading figure.



YOUNGER LARGER SIZE

A corselette is best for the young full figure, which calls for gentle moulding. Twilfit's two-way stretch elastic back persuades youthful curves without compression. Rosecroft's pleated rayon suiting dress is youthful and made in larger sizes and half sizes.



1. Buy your foundation garment at a shop where an expert fitter is employed. Don't depend upon your own judgment as to what is best for your particular figure faults. Fitting is a highly-skilled business.

2. The injunction "pennywise" is particularly forceful when foundations are concerned. The garment that will fulfil the promises made for it cannot, for many good reasons, be the garment at the lowest price.

3. Economically the good foundation is the cheapest in the long run. In the nature of things wear on a girdle or corset is heavy, especially if the figure is ample, but one good garment will outlast several cheaper and far less comfortable ones.

4. When buying a new dress or suit *and* a new foundation buy the latter *first*. A good girdle can make a difference of an inch or more all over in measurements, and the dress which fits correctly over an old foundation may be sadly wrong over a new one.

5. The purpose of any corset is to give support and, to some extent, to distribute the flesh evenly rather than to confine it under pressure or merely to push it from one position to another. A good corset does not squeeze you in so much as smooth you out.

6. Flexible boning is still used for purposes of control in foundations made for the heaviest figures; but where discomfort is associated with boning, it invariably means that the garment chosen is unsuited to the figure or, even when the garment is good potentially, to a faulty fitting.

1. Laurastinus is a handsome evergreen which can be trained into low or tall hedges, and in the winter, when the rest of the garden is bare, produces lovely trusses of white flowers tinged with pink.

2. Sculptured hedges to emphasize the architectural character of a layout.

3. A stately clipped hedge presents a splendid vista and divides the flower garden from kitchen garden and orchard.

4. Cydonia is one of the many lovely flowering bushes which can be used for the informal shrub hedge.

5. A living green wall provides a back-cloth for the riot of spring flowers.

6. Clipped spruce hedges add to the peaceful serenity of a lawn.

7. Forsythia can be used for hedging if old wood and untidy growths are trimmed back in autumn and spring.

8. In the formal tradition : a sunken garden enclosed within a close-clipped hedge.

Details of flowering shrubs by Cuthbert's.

Green Fences

A HEDGE which is alive and beautiful makes a more picturesque boundary to the garden than a fence, and with the present high cost of fencing, hedge-growing presents some practical advantages for the large or small gardens.

There are at least twenty attractive plants for making hedges which add their own intrinsic beauty to the garden. *Lonicera Nitida*, one of the most decorative of the honeysuckle family, will make a thick screening hedge of small, dark-green leaves starred with white flowers in June. *Cotoneaster simonsii* is nearly evergreen and has fine crimson berries; *Escallonia* produces lovely pink blooms. *Aquifolium* is an evergreen berberis, with little black berries holding a violet bloom following the bright yellow flowers of April. It will make a 4- to 6-ft.-high fence and needs pruning only in autumn.

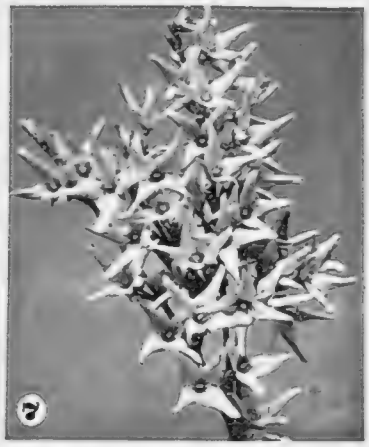
For a really quick-growing green hedge, plant *Cupressus macrocarpa*: Box makes a solid hedge, which can be sculptured and shaped, but it is a very leisurely grower. *Euonymous japonicus* will grow to form a tall green screen, or the *ovatus* variety is golden.

The myrobalan plum makes a cheap hedge but it is not evergreen and will not do where a perpetual screen is required. Cherry laurel, which flowers in the spring, will give an 8-ft. hedge. The common broom does well on light soils and will grow where the soil is too poor for anything else.

Hornbeam and beach, though not evergreen, have a pleasant habit of holding their richly-coloured autumn leaves right through the winter. Attractive low hedges can be made from rosemary, lavender, southernwood and polyanthus rose, but they need a lot of training. Lavender and rose hedges are trimmed into shape in the late autumn or early spring and all dead flowers cut off. Rose of Sharon is the easiest low hedge to grow.

WHERE space permits, a flowering shrub hedge, instead of the orthodox close-trimmed wall, can be a souce of delight. Buddleia, forsythia, quelda rose, cydonia, lilac, olearia, mock orange, spiræa, weigelia and bush mallow are all suitable for this kind of three-dimensional hedging. These shrubs require the removal of old and dead wood, the untidy growths trimmed off in autumn or spring, and the removal of dead flower-heads, if possible. Newly-planted shrubs of this kind should not be touched for two or three years. Give them plenty of room when planted, otherwise they will choke each other as they grow up, and plant in holes with compost at the bottom. The close-trimmed hedge needs a bed of rich soil, 2 ft. deep and 2 ft. wide, for it is likely to remain in the same spot for a long time.—ERNEST CHALLONER, F.R.H.S.

8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6

French Influence

Inspiration for this exquisite short evening gown comes from Paris. The spreading skirt is in finely-pleated navy lace over white organdie. Hem and bodice are edged with navy velvet. (Susan Small.)

WHEREAS before the war one's dreams of wearing a Paris gown were seldom hopeful of fulfilment, things have so changed to-day that, even with dress allowances stretched to breaking-point, most of us can achieve a near copy of the beauteous confections of the Paris Salons and, thanks to the excellence of their reproduction, wear them with pleasure and a virtuous sense of having dressed within our incomes.

The manufacturer's copy may vary from full-scale reproduction of the original to a modification fined down, as it were, to practical levels. Prices vary accordingly, but even limited income wardrobes can boast the influence of the great French designers to-day.

The most recent development brings an important name in French Couturier circles within the compass of the average English pocket. A London house recently opened is devoting itself to the production of made-to-measure reproductions of Alwynn's Paris collection, under his personal supervision, at prices which compare favourably with the better ready-to-wear ranges in the shops. Exact copies of his originals made to personal measurements make it possible to be dressed by a Parisian dressmaker of note at a realistic cost.

A prodigious skirt with a gigantic draped bow, a strapless moulded bodice winged at one side make a spectacular white gown. From Alwynn's design by Enid Lawrence.

JANUARY KNITTING

BACK OF THE FAIR ISLE PULLOVER

Using No. 12 knitting needles and w., cast on 132 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3½ ins. Change to No. 9 needles:

Next row (wrong side of work).—Slip first 12 sts. on to a spare needle and leave for border, p. 107, inc. (by purling twice into same st.), slip the last 12 sts. on to another spare needle for second border. Continue in patt. thus:

** **1st row.**—K.: * w. 3, c. 1, w. 2; rep. from * to last st., w. 1.

2nd row.—P.: w. 1, * w. 1, c. 3, w. 2; rep. from * to end.

3rd row.—K.: * c. 1, w. 2, c. 3, w. 1, c. 3, w. 2; rep. from * to last st., c. 1.

4th row.—P.: c. 1, * c. 1, w. 1, (c. 3, w. 1) twice, c. 2; rep. from * to end.

5th row.—K.: * c. 2, (w. 4, c. 1) twice; rep. from * to last st., c. 1.

6th row.—P.: c. 1, * (y. 1, c. 4) twice, y. 1, c. 1; rep. from * to end.

7th row.—K. in y.

8th row.—P.: b. 1, * y. 11, b. 1; rep. from * to end.

9th row.—K.: * b. 2, y. 9, b. 1; rep. from * to last st., b. 1.

10th row.—P.: b. 1, * b. 2, y. 3, b. 1, y. 3, b. 3; rep. from * to end.

11th row.—K.: * y. 1, b. 3; rep. from * to last st., y. 1.

12th row.—P.: y. 1, * y. 3, b. 5, y. 4; rep. from * to end.

13th row.—K.: * y. 3, b. 3, y. 1, b. 3, y. 2; rep. from * to last st., y. 1.

14th-25th rows.—As 12th-1st rows.

Work 7 rows of white st.st.**

Rep. from ** to ** until work measures 19½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulders by casting off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows, and 10 sts. at the beg. of the following 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

BACK BORDERS

Rejoin w. at the 12 sts. of one border and, using No. 12 needles, work in k. 1, p. 1, rib until border measures 19½ ins. Cast off.

Work a border on other side to match.

(*Continued on page* 70)

BACK OF THE LONG-SLEEVED SWEATER

With No. 12 needles, cast on 104 sts.

Work k. 2, p. 2, rib for 3 ins.

Change to st.st. and No. 10 needles and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 136 sts. Work straight until there are 12 ins. from casting on. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

As back until there are 104 sts. (at armholes).

Then cast off 4 sts. at beg. of every row until there are 24 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 4 sts. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

With No. 12 needles, cast on 62 sts.

Work k. 2, p. 2, rib for 3 ins.

Change to No. 10 needles and continue rib, and at same time m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 100 sts.

Work straight until there are 18 ins. from casting on. Put a safety-pin here to mark where the sleeve seam ends, then continue straight for another 7 ins.

Now work on half the sts., backwards and forwards for 3 ins. Cast off.

Work on other half for 6 ins. Leave on holder.

Cast on a new 50 sts. and work 2 rows.

Now work buttonholes as follows: k. 2 sts., * cast off 4 sts., rib 12; rep. from *, ending cast off 4 sts., rib 12.

Cast these sts. on again, in next row. Continue rib for 2½ more ins.

Now, holding the work so that the buttonhole 2 sts. from edge is on the right, take the other set of sts., twist round to form neck fold and slip them to right of the st. on which buttonholes were worked.

(*Continued on page* 70)

This pullover requires of 3-ply Sirdar Majestic Wool, 4 oz. white, 1 oz. yellow and approximately ½ oz. of blue and chocolate. The colours are referred to in the instructions by the initial letter. It is knitted on No. 9 and No. 12 needles at a tension of 8 sts. and 8 rows to 1 in. measured over the Fair Isle pattern, and fits a 32-in. bust

This sweater requires 5 oz. George Lee's Target Campanula, 2-ply, for size 34 and 5½ oz. for size 36. Instructions for the larger size are given at the end. It is worked on size No. 10 and No. 12 needles at a tension of 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in. measured over the stocking stitch

Combat Forces

With the two worst months of weather still to come, keeping fit and free from infection cannot be safely left to chance. Positive steps towards preventative health must be taken, to build up and maintain an immunity from the barrage of infection which assails from all sides.

Some measure of protection can be gained from direct attack on the germs and virus responsible for winter epidemics. But this principle is now held to be less effective than was thought in the past. Even the most lavish use of germicides and antiseptics will not give complete protection from infection. But if all the combat forces are to be marshalled in the cause of preventative health, antiseptics should not be neglected.

Gargling (before the sore throat begins, not afterwards, of course), and the use of antiseptics in the water for laundry and house-cleaning purposes will help, even if they do not completely solve the problem of airborne infection. Of course, it is essential that anyone with a cold should be provided with paper handkerchiefs which are burnt or disposed of immediately after use.

It is now a commonplace that a more positive method of combating disease is not to attack the germs, but to build up immunity from them. Fresh air and exercise, a balanced diet and adequate rest and recreation by maintaining physical health, play an active part in preventing illness. Fresh air is important, as germs do not thrive in fresh air and people do. Adequate rest and sleep are essential, too, for fatigue lowers resistance.

But probably the most important factor in the war against infection lies in wise eating. Food is not only the fuel of the body, but its armour, too. Food rich in vitamins is called protective food, because of its value in arming the body against disease. A winter diet should be especially rich in these items.

The protective foods are dairy produce, fruit, vegetables, salads, fatty fish, liver and kidney. Whole grain cereal is sometimes called a protective food and meat also, since it is a rich source of several vitamins including nicotinic acid, vitamin B^1 and riboflavin.

It is often supposed that more food is required in cold weather than in hot, but this is not so. Even in cold weather, the body produces more heat than is required to maintain warmth and the problem in winter is not how to produce more heat, but how to *prevent heat loss*. This involves the practical problem of clothing. Warm clothing is a preventative health measure, in that a chilled body is more susceptible to infection than a warm one.

Few people have either the inclination or the time to worry about the niceties of a scientifically balanced diet. But as a balanced diet is an important factor in maintaining resistance, the guiding principle of wise eating should be borne in mind always. That is, a reasonable amount of each of the essential nutrients should be included in the diet every day. From the point of view of prevention of infection these are the most important: protein, calcium, iron, vitamin A, vitamin B^1, riboflavin, nicotinic acid, vitamin C and vitamin D. The amounts of carbohydrate and fat need no special consideration as they look after themselves in an average diet.

Foods which contain the essential mineral elements are fish with edible bones (such as sprats, whitebait, sardines), dark vegetables, chocolate, dried apricots and peaches, treacle and curry, besides milk and liver as obvious sources of iron and calcium. As a supplement to salads, fruit and vegetables as sources of vitamins, yeast should not be forgotten. But a diet heavily overweighted with carbohydrate, as our present diet tends to be, needs more than usual amounts of vitamins if physical fitness is to be maintained. Over-tiredness, irritability, "nerves," poor circulation, digestive upsets, anaemia and depression, as well as susceptibility to infection can often be attributed to a vitamin and mineral deficiency. In this case, some form of tonic can work miracles. Combined vitamin and mineral capsules can now be obtained which reduces pill taking to a convenient once-daily routine.

Health And Beauty

By Chrysis

THE complex nature of hair disorders adds to the difficulty of knowing how to treat them. Hair health is inextricably bound up with general physical tone. There is no infallible remedy for lank hair, or thinning hair, or loss of colour and vitality, because they are not complaints in themselves, but signs and symptoms of some disorder which may not even be connected with the scalp.

That is why it is wise to consult a tricologist or a dermatologist if the hair is seriously out of condition and has been so for some time past. A tricologist is not a hairdresser, but a specialist in hair and scalp diseases and only an expert in this branch of medical science can diagnose what is wrong and recommend a treatment to put it right. It will not be a matter of recommending merely this or that shampoo or hair tonic, but in some cases may include general tonics and dieting, where the hair condition is reflecting some food deficiency or some abnormal condition of the circulation.

THE commonest hair trouble is dandruff, which is responsible for more hair problems than any other one cause. There are several forms, but the most serious and widespread is infectious dandruff, which is caused by a germ bacillus. This is a particularly tenacious germ which is unaffected by ordinary shampoos and has to be treated—as all other germs—with an antiseptic germicide. There is an antiseptic lotion specially recommended for treatment of dandruff. For mild cases, it can be used as an after-shampoo friction. For more severe cases, it should be used up to twice a day as a scalp massage and hair tonic.

Neglected dandruff can lead to all kinds of troubles like thinness, loss of tone and colour. No treatment of these hair conditions will be permanently effective until the cause—the dandruff—has been cleared up.

There is much to be said for an occasional shampoo at home, even if it is your normal practice to go to a hairdresser. With a full

Your Own Hair Conditioning

Hair problems are all too commonly accepted in a spirit of patient resignation, but if a timely warning is taken immediately the hair becomes out of condition, more serious troubles will be avoided

appointments' book, it is not always possible for the hairdresser to devote the extra time required for a "problem" head, and in any case, very hot driers are not the best thing for the hair. At home, it is possible to give time to the pre-shampoo scalp massage, and to dry the hair and scalp as it should be, gradually and gently with warm towels.

Choice of shampoo is important for the home shampoo. Roughly speaking, a soap shampoo is preferable for dry hair, a soapless one for oily hair. A soap shampoo leaves the hair rather alkaline, and a vinegar or lemon rinse, which is the remedy usually resorted to, goes to the other extreme. A new hair rejuvenator restores the natural elasticity to the hair after shampooing, and is good for impoverished hair.

Greasy hair cannot be "cured" by using strong soapless shampoos which by scouring the hair and scalp of every bit of natural grease, only encourages the oil glands to further efforts. A mild soapless shampoo with a lanolin base is best for oily hair, and is, indeed, probably the safest shampoo for all.

As the causes of greyness have not yet been discovered, there can be as yet no treatment for it. It is, however, probably linked with general physical factors. Iron and arsenic, taken of course under doctor's orders, is sometimes effective in cases of premature greyness and one of the B vitamin group, pantothenic acid, has also been found of benefit. But neither of these are in any sense a universal cure. A tinted hair tonic solves the immediate problem of the few grey hairs. This is not a dye, but a tint with a tonic base which nourishes the hair while disguising greyness.

Problem Corner

"MY skin is coarse and open pored and yet dry at the same time. Astringents, with which I have tried to close the pores, only make the skin tender, and any skin food which is rich enough to counteract the dryness, seems to clog the pores still more. Is there any way of bringing my complexion back to normal?"

This is one of many beauty problems on which our advice has been sought. Our answer was this :

This condition is caused by acid under the skin, which makes it dry, and by the excessive application of grease in an endeavour to correct it. It is this treatment which relaxes the pores and the first thing to do is to remove the cause with an anti-acid lotion. This may seem to dry the skin still further at first, but skin food night and morning will counteract that, and if care is taken to wash away all the skin food with soap and water every morning, the pores will gradually close again. The main thing about the treatment of this particular condition is to persevere. Results cannot be expected the very first day, although some good will have been done. It is a long process, but a very necessary one to restore real health to the skin.

Here is another :

"I AM in trouble with my complexion. Half an hour after making-up, my face is shiny and greasy. Can you give me a routine for the basic cleanse-tone-nourish?"

This problem arises chiefly from the wrong type of foundation. What you should wear is a non-greasy lotion type of base. As for beauty routine, you should wash your face night and morning, using a lanolin complexion soap. During the day, cleanse with an astringent cleansing milk. After washing at night, use an astringent to tone the skin and then massage with a light skin food, removing the excess cream before retiring. In the morning, after washing, follow with an astringent before making-up.

If you have any similar complexion problems, or any beauty query on which you would like our help, please write to Chrysis, Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.

Winter Warmers

Cookery by Harriet Muir

January and February bring on the time when sustaining foods are most needed. A very good all-round medium for giving warmth and energy is suet which, when in short supply, can be substituted with the vegetarian counterpart which is

SAVOURY Suet can be used in a variety of ways which are neither stodgy nor dull. For instance—a dumpling. Sweet or savoury, the dumpling can have many variations of flavour and can be enriched with egg and milk. A savoury pudding made with good stock can be as nutritious as a meat meal and for sweets there are many recipes for suet puddings other than the steamed ones. The following recipes give Winter Warmers a touch of glamour.

Savoury Apple Dumplings

Peel and core apples, making a large hole in the centre of each. Stuff the space with a filling of sausage meat, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a few chopped cooked mushrooms or one or two chopped olives. Make some suet pastry with 8 oz. flour, a pinch of salt, 3 oz. of suet and enough cold water to form a stiff dough. Roll out. Cut rounds about the size of a tea plate. Fold round the apples; pressing in at the top. Wrap each dumpling in a well-floured cloth. Tie up leaving room for swelling. Steam for about an hour. Serve with a curl of bacon on top of each and surround with peas.

Onion Pasty

Prepare suet pastry as before. Roll out in a large oval. Peel and chop small 4 or 5 good-sized onions. Fry till golden, in 1 oz. of margarine. Remove from pan. Stir 1 tablespoonful of flour and a little milk into fat to form thick white sauce. Mix into onion together with 3 or 4 rashers of bacon fried and chopped in slices, and season. Pile mixture along centre of pastry. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of grated cheese and about a cupful of sultanas on top. Take sides of pastry and press together. Brush over with milk; make cuts with a knife and bake in good oven Regulo 7 or 400° F about 40 minutes. Serve with carrots and mushrooms.

Fricandelles

Chop 1 onion small, and fry till golden. Mix together 8 oz. minced meat, 4 oz. breadcrumbs, 2 oz. suet, 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley, season and bind with 1 egg or a little brown sauce. Shape into little cakes and fry in margarine till nicely browned both sides.

Harvester's Pudding

Cut ¾ lb. onions; peel, core and dice ¾ lb. apples; and dice 1 lb. potatoes. Place all in layers in a saucepan, sprinkle with pinch of sage, a rounded teaspoonful of salt and pepper. Pour on ½ pint water, cover closely and cook for 1 hour over gentle heat. Make the pastry by sifting 6 oz. plain flour with pinch of salt and teaspoonful baking-powder, mixing in 3 oz. chopped suet and forming into a firm dough with cold water. Knead into a ball, and form into a round of a size to fit into the saucepan. Adjust the seasoning and add more liquid if necessary. Place pastry in the saucepan, cover and boil fast for a further hour, or until the meat and pastry are cooked. To serve : cut pastry into portions and keep hot on the lid of the saucepan. Turn meat mixture into a deep hot dish, and arrange the pastry around.

Scotch Meat Pudding

Sift 6 oz. self-raising flour and 1 level teaspoonful salt into a basin, add 3 oz. flaked suet, ½ lb. minced meat, 4 oz. finely grated onion, 2 oz. medium oatmeal, pinch of mixed herbs, forming the whole into a slack dough with water. Put into a greased 2 pint basin, cover with a greased paper and steam for 2½ hours. Turn out and serve with thick brown gravy.

Savoury Pudding

Soak ½ lb. bread crust in hot milk. Drain and squeeze as dry as possible. Beat well, add 3 onions chopped, dessertspoonful sage and pinch of mixed herbs, 3 oz. suet, 2 oz. fine oatmeal. Mix well together with 1 gill of gravy or good stock and an egg well beaten if available. Melt a walnut of dripping in a baking tin or fireproof dish and spread mixture in tin. Dot with margarine. Bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F 40 to 45 minutes. Stand a few minutes, cut in squares and serve with meat or poultry.

still nutritious and obtainable at most health stores. Suet dishes are not necessarily stodgy or mundane. Here is a variety of sweet and savoury dishes to prove that the most filling and warming winter dish can still be appetizing.

SWEETS

Maharajah Pudding

Line greased soufflé dish with ½ lb. pastry. Peel tangerines, remove pips and skin. Fill basin with alternate layers of tangerine segments and breadcrumbs. If liked sprinkle crumbs with a little sherry. End with layer of crumbs. Fold crust over, tie up and steam for 3 hours. Prepare sauce by mixing a teaspoonful of arrowroot or cornflour with a little cold water taken from ½ pint. Boil remaining water; pour on to paste and mix in. Return to pan and add 2 oz. of sugar. Bring to boil, stirring; add juice of a lemon, a small glass of sherry, and a few drops of cochineal to colour. Simmer a minute or two and serve. Decorate pudding with slices of crystallized orange and lemon.

Hot And Cold Pudding

Peel, core and stew 1 lb. cooking apples with 2 tablespoonfuls water and 2½ oz. sugar. Beat into a purée. Shred 2½ oz. suet and mix with 6 oz. breadcrumbs. Well grease a pie dish or cake tin and coat sides and bottom well with crumb mixture. Fill with alternate layers of apple and mixture. Dot with margarine. Bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F about ½ hour. Turn out and serve with strawberry ice cream in little custard glasses. Failing ice cream, whip up some mock cream, flavoured with raspberry or strawberry purée and tint with cochineal.

Honey And Coconut Pudding

Mix 3 oz. self-raising flour, 2½ oz. suet, pinch of salt, 2 oz. sugar and 1½ oz. coconut together. Beat yolk of an egg, add 2 tablespoonfuls milk and mix in. Whisk white of egg stiffly and fold in. Fill well-greased pudding, tie up and steam 3 hours. Melt about 2 tablespoonfuls of honey. Turn out the pudding, spread honey over and sprinkle with 1 oz. coconut.

Spiced Syrup Dumplings

Mix 3 oz. of suet and a pinch of salt with 8 oz. self-raising flour; add 1 oz. sugar, a small teaspoonful of mixed spice or ginger, a little grated lemon rind, and 1 oz. currants. Form into stiff dough with a little cold water. Roll out into balls the size of a small orange, roll in flour. Wrap in pieces of pudding cloth wrung out in boiling water and well floured. Tie up, leaving room to swell. Steam about an hour or boil for a little less time. Unwrap and serve with lemon sauce or hot syrup.

Dish Of The Month

WINTER parties call for warming drinks. Mulled wine is very good on these occasions. Use sweet, red wine for mulled drink (never unsound or acid wine), do not overheat it before drinking. Bottles can stand in hot water. The first recipe is a lighter drink suitable for a buffet where drinks are served constantly. The other goes well with a meal or as a nightcap for departing guests. These drinks work out roughly at 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. a bottle.

For the first of them you will need for each bottle of red wine a half bottle of water. Heat water in pan without boiling, with a tablespoonful of sugar, pinch of cinnamon, dash of lemon or lemon squash added. When heated pour in wine; mix, return to bottles; stand in hot water.

For the second, heat the wine without water, adding flavouring as before. Other flavours can be used such as orange, spice, cloves, honey and a dash of brandy or liqueur. Avoid other spirits, as they taste too strong and spoil the wine.

Milk Dumplings

Mix together 4 oz. self-raising flour, 4 oz. crumbs, 3 oz. suet, a pinch of salt. Form into dough with milk and (if available) a well-beaten egg. Wrap up and steam as before. Serve with jam sauce. If you make a larger quantity an excellent pudding can be had next day by cutting large dumplings in thick slices, frying in margarine till golden both sides and serving with hot syrup or stewed fruit and custard.

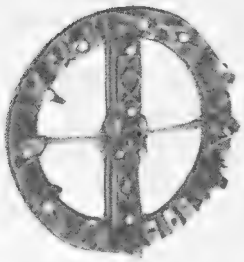
Marmalade Pudding

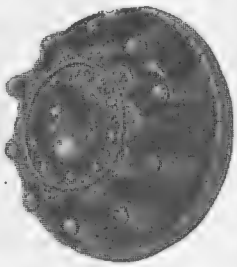
Mix together 8 oz. breadcrumbs, 3–4 oz. grated suet and a pinch of salt. Beat 1 egg, or 2 if it can be spared, and stir into half a cupful of marmalade. Add half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little milk. Stir eggs, etc., into the dry mixture. Beat well and add enough milk so that the mixture will drop off the spoon when held up. Steam for 2 hours in a greased basin covered with greased paper. In the meantime make the marmalade sauce with 2 tablespoonfuls of marmalade, 1 tablespoonful of demerara sugar and 3 tablespoonfuls of water boiled together. Strain and serve in a sauce boat.

Good suet is a rare commodity, so if you are ever able to buy any at the butchers, don't refuse it, even if it cannot be made use of immediately. Suet can be stored successfully for short periods, anyway. It may be chopped and stored in a jar in the refrigerator, or left whole, closely covered with aluminium foil and stored in a cool, dry place. If the flour tin is kept in a dry place and the flour constantly used, a piece of suet may be stored under the surface of the flour.

Scotland's Gems

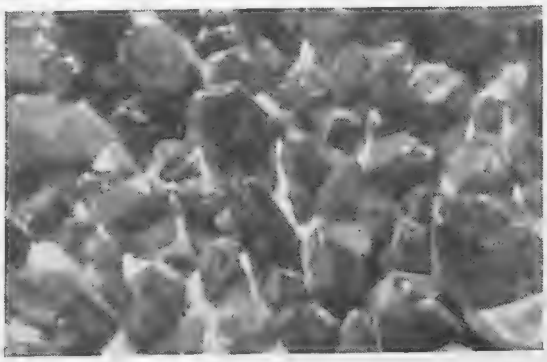
Scotland has a wealth of precious and semi-precious stones, about which little is known





By

V. A. Firsoff



Many of Scotland's gems are found in the Cairngorm Mountains (*above*). Crystals of smoky quartz from the Cairngorms (*left*). The two Scottish brooches are set with pearls and cabochon stones from Scotland. Both brooches are to be found in the British Museum

THE varied rock formations of Scotland have in the hands of Jameson, Murchison and Geikie fathered much of the modern science of the earth. Their mineral wealth is mostly of the solid industrial kind: coal, iron, lead, bauxite, etc., which rather overshadow the relatively modest deposits of precious and semi-precious stones. Indeed, these received but little attention in the past, in which the lack of skilled lapidaries must have played an important part in the early days.

Old Celtic brooches were seldom set with stones. Amber alone, being soft, was used to some extent as an ornament, and in the Stone Age—jet. Later, about the fifteenth century, varieties of quartz, polished in rounded cabochons, made their appearance on Scottish clasps and brooches, and three centuries later the faceted cairngorm became an "obligato" of Highland dress.

Yet already the eighteenth-century *Statistical Accounts* make mention of some gemstones, notably emerald, in the Highlands, and the list of these has been considerably extended since.

Only one good-sized diamond has ever been found in Scotland, but some tiny ones are known to have developed in the coal seams of Ben Hope in Sutherland and New Cumnock in Ayrshire, where these have been penetrated by molten volcanic magma, so that for all we know diamonds may yet be blundered upon one day. Pearls, as is well-known, are found in the mussels of some Highland burns, particularly in Ross-shire and Sutherland, where search for them is a standing occupation among the tinkers. Sapphire is another properly precious stone of Scottish occurrence, and sapphire-bearing rocks were located in the twenties of the present century in Ardnamurchan, Mull and Arran. Most of the crystals are flawed and full of inclusions which makes them unsuitable for jewellery, but a few good ones have been extracted.

In the eighteenth century the faceted cairngorm became an "obligato" in Highland dress, and it is still worn to-day

Emerald, too, ranks as a precious stone and of a high grade! It is a variety of the mineral called beryl coloured green by chromium oxide. Beryl is an accessory constituent of granite, most usually of a greenish blue colour, under which guise it is known as aquamarine, but sometimes yellow (golden beryl) or colourless. These stones occur sparsely in some granite hills, such as those of Arran, but the best and largest specimens hail from the Cairngorms. A good clear crystal of emerald is a rare and worthwhile find.

A SEMI-PRECIOUS stone associated with beryl is topaz. It, too, will be found in granite. The colouring of topaz is very variable, but typically yellow or brown, though green, blue and wine-red specimens occur in the Cairngorms, where they may occasionally attain a foot in length. Zircon, which when colourless makes a plausible imitation of diamond, and is known as jacinth when red and jargoon when smoky-brown, is a rarer stone of comparable habits. Some zircons have been found in the Hebrides and Kircudbrightshire.

Much commoner, though often beautiful enough, is crystalline quartz. The colourless variety is the least valuable and goes by the name of rock crystal; but metallic admixtures may give it a range of tints. Yellow, brown, purple and black stones are due to iron and manganese. Pink rose-quartz owes its existence to titanium oxide. The latter occurs in Scotland so far as is known, only in massive form, but the remaining varieties will be met with in many localities, usually in granite, though sometimes in (*Continued on page* 62)

Right: Inveraray Castle, which was completed about 1753, was visited by Dr. Samuel Johnson and Boswell in 1773, and by Queen Victoria in 1847

Below: The Duke and Duchess of Argyll photographed on the castle lawn. The Duchess was formerly Mrs. Charles Sweeny. Bottom: Inveraray is a unique Scottish county town. In the distance, across Loch Fyne, loom the misty Highland hills

The Ancestral Seat

Inveraray Castle, the highland home of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, is seeped in history

IN all Scotland, there are few Highland domains more impressively situated or more unique in character than Inveraray. The old county town of Argyll and the great, grey-walled castle of MacCalein Mor—Chief of the House and Clan of Campbell—stand on the south-western shores of Loch Fyne at the entrance to Glen Aray.

The castle, which was begun by Archibald, third Duke of Argyll in 1746 from the designs of Roger Morris and completed some years later by Robert Adam, replaced an earlier fortress. Beyond the magnificently wooded park, beneath the shadow of the tower-crowned summit of Duniquaich, lies the town of Inveraray, with its neat, white-walled houses, classical archways, and imposing belfry designed by the late Duke of Argyll, who was succeeded by his cousin, Ian Douglas Campbell, in 1949.

Since earliest days the history and fortunes of this mountain-bound Highland town have been continuously associated with the senior representatives of the illustrious Campbell family whose founder, Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow, first bore the ancient Gaelic patronymic of MacCalein Mor. Sir Colin was knighted by Alexander the Third in 1280, but before his time Cellespick O'Duin, his Celtic ancestor, possessed lands in the not far distant Barony of Lochow by marriage with the heiress-daughter of one Paul an Sporran. It was probably Sir Colin who built the original fortalice of Inveraray of which no trace remains to-day. Archibald, Duke of Argyll, a prominent figure in Scottish public life who is said to have spent nearly £300,000 in embellishing his new castle, introduced the manufacture of linen which was carried on with considerable benefit to the inhabitants of Inveraray. (*Continued on page 58*)

By
Broderick Haldane

CARPET CARE

The initial choice decides whether a carpet will enjoy a long life. A few points of guidance on choosing a carpet and caring for it afterwards

Curlsax uncrushable pile stair carpet

DAY-TO-DAY care of a carpet makes an important contribution to its life-span, but the basic factor is quality. With prices as they are it may well be impossible to choose the highest grade, but there can be no doubt of the economy of choosing the best quality that finances will stretch to.

It is self evident that the heavy wear to which carpets are subject demands resilient qualities. These exist only when the fabric of the carpet is good.

The use to which a carpet is put can, to some extent, regulate the choice of quality. For instance, the traffic on a stair carpet is inevitably confined to one small area nearest the centre. The area of wear can be shifted by relaying the carpet from time to time and shifting the most trodden parts on to the rise of the stair. For this purpose it pays to buy the carpet a few feet longer to permit this adjustment. Even so, only a good quality carpet can be expected to stand up to concentrated wear over a long period.

A lower grade carpet which might be considered adequate for the limited traffic of a bedroom is not a wise selection for a living-room.

So far as the merit of the different types of carpet goes there are arguments for Wilton as against Axminster for hard wear but a comparison is only relevant when the two types are of equal price. A higher priced carpet of either description is certain to prove its superiority over a cheaper one.

For some reason best known to moths the *underneath* of a carpet is a favourite breeding ground and the greatest vigilance often fails to keep them out when they have taken a fancy to the spot. These facts argue for the economy of buying moth-proofed carpet in the first place. The immunization which is carried out in the process of manufacture, is completely odourless and quite permanent. Washing and dry cleaning does not effect the proofing.

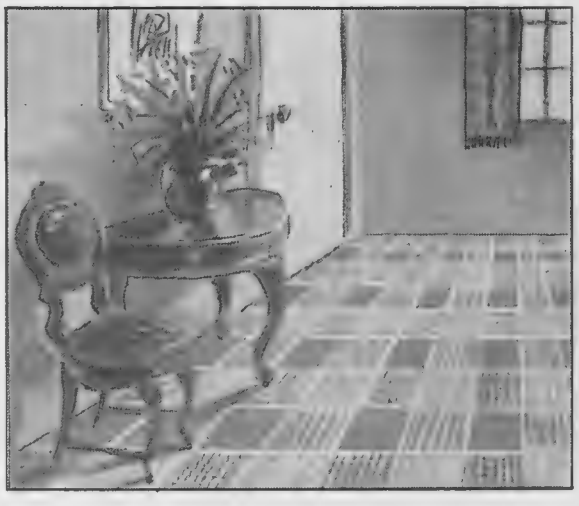
A good, deep underlay or felt adds substantially to the life of carpet and it is penny wise to trim costs on this important feature.

Generally speaking, crushing of the pile is less noticeable on patterned carpets than on plain ones, but one well-known manufacturer produces an uncrushable plain pile carpet which completely overcomes this problem. The crush-resisting properties of the yarn used in the manufacture of this carpet ensure more than average resilience in use.

A clean carpet will wear longer than one in which gritty dirt is allowed to accummulate. Use the vacuum cleaner daily to ensure that grit is not cutting the pile and, unless there is a self-adjusting nozzle on the cleaner, be sure to adjust the height of it to suit varying depths of pile. A machine set too low causes friction on the carpet without doing a better job.

For economy and good looks Geebro cord, which is illustrated below, makes a practical substitute for carpet. Chequered or diagonal patterns woven in attractive colours make it important enough to be used as a basis for furnishing schemes, especially modern ones. It comes in rug sizes, in seamless squares or "by the yard."

- Avoid using the vacuum cleaner on a new carpet until the fibres have had time to settle.
- When polishing the surround, keep polish off the edges of the carpet.
- Never pull out odd protruding tufts of yarn. Cut them level with the scissors.
- If soot falls on the carpet don't use water. Try carbon tetrachloride.
- Use the same spirit for all grease marks, and remember it is not inflammable.
- Refit heavy chairs with smooth-running castors. Imperfect ones tear the pile.



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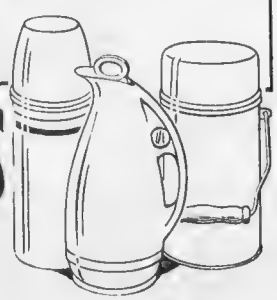
If you have the bad luck to break the glass lining of a 'Thermos' vacuum vessel, don't throw away any of the components. Consult your retail supplier on the question of fitting a new vacuum refill.



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YARDLEY

33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

Because Of A Woman (*Continued from page 27*)

about the white-painted foyer, at the potted palms. He took off his hat and mopped his streaming brow. Vanico was still as hot as ever. He rang the little bell on the desk and after a while a Tonkinese girl came through a curtain and smiled at him.

"You are Mr. Edwards, of course," she said. "The manager asked me to apologize to you for not being here. He is away on Liat. You must be anxious to settle down after your long trip. I'll show you your room."

Looking at her friendly face, listening to her almost sing-song voice, Edwards felt a little better.

He said as he followed her up the stairs: "Two thousand miles . . . It's quite a distance."

"And you have come all that way just for a holiday?" she asked, turning her head to look at him. He nodded. The girl laughed and Edwards wondered if she were laughing at him. She was very pretty, as most Tonkinese girls are, and for a wild moment he thought he was going to embrace her and kiss her. It was the tropics, he knew. That and the reaction and his emotional turmoil.

He was glad he had asked the manager in his letter not to broadcast his visit. He wasn't in the mood to talk to the men he had known, the planters he had lived with in the hills for those two hectic years when they had made hit and run raids on the Japs and sent out radio messages and mapped the islands.

But he had to know about Laurette. He felt as if he could stand at the open window over the dusty street and shriek her name.

The Tonk girl was watching him. "Look," he said. "Where will I find the magistrate?"

She went to the window and pointed to a sprawling bungalow half hidden by trees on a hill a quarter-mile away. "His name is M. Curelle," she said. "A very pleasant gentleman. But he might be asleep."

Her tone said that everyone with any sense would be asleep at two o'clock on a tropical afternoon. But Edwards felt feverishly awake. He had to know. He had waited five years and come two thousand miles. He had to know.

He put on his hat and went down the stairs with the girl. When he stepped out into the brilliant sunlight he knew she stood by the door and watched him. The place was very quiet. The water in the little bay was flat and the ship had disappeared. Two natives sat under a coconut tree and chewed betel-nut and another native was asleep on the seat of a jeep outside the store. The sight was so unusual Edwards stopped for a moment to stare. Probably some boy a planter had taught to drive.

HE was sweating freely when he reached the bungalow. It was a relief to climb the stairs into the shade of the verandah. He called out, but no one came. Then he heard snores and traced them along the verandah to an open window. There was a man asleep on a bed under a net. He clutched a long bolster, the islands' Dutch wife, to him like a woman.

Edwards said: "Hallo, there." He said it six times before the man stirred, mumbled sleepily and sat up, fighting clear of the net. Edwards leaned on the window sill, taking in the man, his narrow height, ruffled short-cropped hair, the hazy blue eyes and thin moustache. He was so like all the other Frenchmen he had known that Edwards grinned.

"*Mon Dieu*," M. Curelle said.

"Sorry," Edwards said. "My French isn't good. You'll have to speak English."

Curelle jumped to his feet. "You are the Australian. Captain Edwards. This is unforgivable of me! To be asleep when a man whom my country honours with the Legion of Merit is——"

"Forget it," Edwards said. "But have you got time for a little chat?"

"Wait there," Curelle said. He vanished through the bedroom door and reappeared on the verandah with another cane chair. He made a formal little bow and shook hands gravely. Then he gestured Edwards to a seat.

"Naturally," he said, "being the magistrate I had to learn of your visit, but Mr. Donnell who conducts the hotel told me of your desire for your visit to remain secret and I have respected your wish. But now you are here, what can I do for you?"

Edwards leaned back in his chair, eyes on the ocean through the coconuts, palms and cacaos, but seeing none of the water's sparkling beauty. He was silent for several minutes; the Frenchman waited patiently. There is no time in the islands.

At last Edwards said: "M'sieur Curelle, I came to Vanico because of a woman."

Curelle nodded approvingly. "There is no better place to seek solace. I can appreciate your sorrow. Some time ago my wife left me. I am somewhat resigned now."

"I came here to find a woman, not get away from one," Edwards said. "Her name is Laurette Jourdan."

M. CURELLE sat forward very slowly. He tapped a finger gently on the chair-arm. "Laurette," he said softly. "You came to find Laurette. I know her, of course, everyone knows Laurette."

"Then she's still here? On Vanico." Edwards's hands gripped at the chair. He couldn't keep the tension from his voice.

"Well, in a way she's still here," Curelle said. He eyed Edwards thoughtfully. "Do you love her? Did she love you? Tell me about you and Laurette. One hears so much on an island, yet I can't recall that she ever spoke of you."

"No," Edwards said. "She wouldn't do that." He didn't want to talk about it, yet he had to. It was different speaking to a Frenchman about such things. And Curelle seemed sympathetic.

"I met Laurette a few days after we landed on the west of Vanico in 1943," he said.

"We were busy feeling our way about the island and not having any maps we had to go slowly. The place was thick with Japs.

"Up in the hills one day I and a couple of my boys found a tiny plateau that overlooked a plantation—that of Mr. Tarcier we found out later. We could see Japs moving about on the plantation, a thousand yards away.

"We moved forward slowly and stopped suddenly. Lying on the edge of the plateau was a girl. She wore a cotton floral frock and sandals and her skin was brown and smooth. Her hair, I remember, was tied in a knot at the nape of her neck. Laurette had very long hair. And she was very calmly aiming a sniper's rifle at a Jap on the plantation. She was so absorbed that she hadn't heard us.

"She fired and we saw a Jap jump up and fall down in a heap. The girl jumped up, too, and ran right into us. I've never seen anyone so surprised. But only for a moment. She was all ready to shoot it out until I quickly explained who we were. She took us to her hide-out and we met most of the other French on Vanico.

"I HAD fallen in love with Laurette even before I saw her face. And it wasn't only that beautiful body lying there aiming a rifle. I think it was some kind of magnetism.

"But I guess the fact that I worried about her so much proved that I loved her. She did wild things up there in the hills and the jungle. Often I didn't see her for days because I had my job to do and ten men to command.

"Then when I could find time to get to their hide-out she would tell me calmly that the day before she had garrotted a Jap who had raped a native woman. Those long fingers of hers were very strong.

"Half a dozen Japs ambushed her once and God knows what might have happened to her only that Tarcier and De Klacke, Roget and some others ambushed the Japs. Laurette was unavoidably wounded in the clash. She was very proud of the little scar it left on her leg."

"Her thigh," M. Curelle corrected gently. "Go on."

"Well," Edwards said. "Each day was much like the one before. But I lived to see Laurette. She used to meet me in a cacao grove on the track from Roget's plantation to Pacific Bay. It was very beautiful there and it was easy to forget the war and the Japs. Laurette was, well, very passionate."

He choked on the word, thinking how little it could describe of Laurette's kisses and caresses and her wild strength, how little it could convey to anyone the depth of their passion. For theirs was a love given to few men and women. Blindingly, he could feel in his imagination and senses the soft firmness of her thighs and breasts and the erotic submissiveness of her lips. Laurette was a woman who demanded as well as gave.

EDWARDS was suddenly disgusted with himself for talking about her. Nothing he could say with whatever mastery of words could recapture the feeling of those days. He felt deflated and frustrated and in a whirl. All he wanted was Laurette. The very air of Vanico breathed Laurette. He wished he could go to the cacao grove and find her there waiting for him. He began to resent the Frenchman. His suit clung to his body and his side was aching where the bullet had hit it so long before.

Without a word Curelle got up, went inside and came back with whisky, soda and two glasses. He fizzed one and handed it to Edwards. They drank silently.

"As I said," the Frenchman murmured. "I can sympathize. My wife walked out on me. It's not to be wondered at, when one can view it dispassionately, which I have learned to do. But you, my friend, seem to have walked out on Laurette. Why have you left it until now to come back?"

EDWARDS shrugged helplessly. "You know what it is. The war has a lot to do with the way you feel. I would have stayed if I could, but I was wounded badly and was a long way away before I was fully conscious. Then there's the distance and a different way of life after the war and you wonder if you dreamed it all. You're so busy trying to keep up with life you haven't time to run back and pick up a bit of the past. And a lot of other things are mixed up in it.

"Then one day you get restless and unhappy. A hot summer day perhaps and you get to thinking about the islands, about Vanico. You wonder why you're so unsettled and it comes down to Laurette. You curse yourself for throwing her away, for not rushing back after the war. And after a while you begin to hate everything about your life and you realize that all that could make it worth while is Laurette. So you pack frantically and fume with impatience until a ship is going——" He broke off suddenly and stared at Curelle. "It's not like me to let off steam like this," he said.

Curelle waved his hand. "Laurette would be eighteen when you knew her?" he asked.

"A very mature eighteen."

"Naturally," Curelle said. "She was French and these are the tropics. And how old would you have been then?"

"Thirty. Why?"

"I am curious," the Frenchman said. He poured two more whiskies. "Would you like to see Laurette? This afternoon? We would need to start now. It is some way in the hills."

Edwards gulped the whisky. He could feel the sweat break out again and his hands were shaking.

THE road into the hills was just as rough, twisting and wildly beautiful as Edwards remembered it, though in the past his glimpses had been brief. The Japs had held the road.

There were flame trees and tropical hibiscus and bright green native hill flowers and all around was the indescribable feel of the jungle, its massive mystery and its decaying smell. (*Continued on page 56*)

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Curelle did all the talking as he eased his jeep across the stones and furrows.

It was very hot on the tunnel-like track through the jungle and Edwards took off his coat. Curelle led the way for half a mile. Then Edwards could hear the murmur of water and soon after the sound of voices.

Curelle stopped on a little rock shelf. His eyes motioned Edwards to look below. There in the pool beneath the fall was Laurette. She was naked and brown and water glistened on her smooth skin.

The sight of her clutched at his emotions and twisted them into a ball in his stomach. He thought he would fall over until Curelle grabbed his elbow.

The girl's body hadn't changed. It was still a symmetry of curves and lights and shadows and her thighs and breasts were as he remembered them. As Edwards watched Laurette kicked at the water and a sheet of it flew up to sparkle in the sun.

The setting of jungle richness was as perfect for her as purple velvet for a jewel.

The girl called: "I'm tired of this, Bobby. Let's eat and talk a little, yes?"

Edwards started. He looked to where she threw her voice. So entranced had he been with her he hadn't noticed the man sitting on a rock with his feet in the water, looking at the girl. The man was a bronzed young giant. It was Bobby Hackett, the assistant agent.

* * * *

Back at the bungalow they had had four whiskies before the magistrate spoke.

"Laurette is a jungle animal," he said, holding up the glass and looking into the fluid. "She has a short memory and worships a pagan god. You might say she worships passion. Only a man like herself, a young Adonis—as M'sieur Jones is—could ever plumb the depths of Laurette's emotions." He sighed heavily. "I hate to tell you this, my friend. But I doubt if your Laurette gave you a thought after you had left."

"But, my God!" Edwards exclaimed. "We—we——"

"Yes, I know. You loved. It left a mark on you because for you it was an Elysium. For Laurette, well, it is her right, her day-by-day existence. She forgot you. She loved you, mind. Fiercely. But when you went——" He shrugged. "Laurette is not one who lives in the past. As I say, she never mentioned you."

Because Of A Woman

He eyed Edwards shrewdly. "Now I'll tell you something else. You didn't come here to find Laurette. You came to find yourself. Unsettled, unhappy, Laurette symbolized for you all your escapist desires. You rebelled against your life and like all rebels you thought you wanted something. In your case, Laurette. And, like most rebels, you find you can't have what you want. It's just as well."

Edwards looked at him, almost stupefied. Curelle laughed wryly. "When a Frenchman gets a shock like this he finds another woman and drinks until he forgets."

Edwards murmured: "How did you know where to find Laurette?"

"Laurette is my wife," Curelle said simply. "In name only, as you can understand."

"My God! Edwards said, staring at him. "My God!"

The Frenchman looked at his watch. "You will, of course, be leaving by the *Paijang* at dawn. You have then eleven hours and I have half a case of whisky." He smiled a little tiredly. "Won't you have another drink, Captain?"

END

"Stately Homes"

(*Continued from page 25*)

they add up to enough to make it possible for them to keep their homes in repair and maintain a reduced but sufficient staff to prevent the gardens being overrun by weeds.

The peers who have taken the plunge since the war and turned their ancestral homes into "show places" are satisfied. The thousands of visitors who have come by car, motor coach and cycle every week-end to pay their half-crown entrance fees prove they were meeting a public demand. The question is whether the flow of visitors will be maintained year after year.

Figures at some stately homes were down this year, perhaps because of competition from the Festival. To put them up again, the owners may follow the technique of modern big business and have their own public relations organization. This has been suggested by Sir Harold Wernher, who had about 22,000 visitors at his Bedfordshire home of Luton Hoo—compared with 26,000 in 1950.

It will not be a matter of blatant advertizing along the "We have the best treasures," but simply of making known the fact that the stately homes welcome visitors and perhaps of securing better transport facilities. But the fact is the stately homes contain an accumulation of old masters, fine furniture and what the dealers call *objets d'art* finer than most museums and art galleries, with the great advantage that they are seen in their "natural" setting instead of artificially arranged.

At Hatfield House, the home of Lord Salisbury, for instance, the visitor sees on the walls portraits by the masters from Sargent to Reynolds and Romney to Gainsborough with the opportunity of comparing their skill and art and also of noticing the persistence of "family likenesses" through the generations.

AT Knowsley Hall, home of the Derby family for four centuries, the visitor sees not only portraits of the holders of the title by great artists, but also of their famous horses from Sir Peter Teazle, winner of the Derby in 1787 to Hyperion, winner in 1933.

At Castle Ashby in Northamptonshire are Brussels tapestries, Grinling Gibbons carvings, fine Dresden as well as Holbeins, Reynoldses and other paintings said to be insured for £200,000. A mere catalogue of the treasures in these houses would fill a very large volume. But what appeals to me and no doubt many other visitors is that they are mixed with curiosities, indifferent pieces and even "atrocities," the latter generally found to be gifts from some overseas potentate.

The kind of "curiosity" you come across quite unexpectedly is the "bowl of goldfishes" in which the poet Gray's favourite cat was drowned and inspired his famous ode, a massive Chinese bowl bought by the Lord Derby of the time when Strawberry Hill was sold up.

Visiting the stately homes can, indeed, become quite a hobby and I have a friend who pursues it so passionately that he paid out £4 in half-crown entrance fees last summer and probably three times as much for guide books, postcards and teas.

HOW do the owners feel about the revolution that has taken place in their homes, changing them from the traditional Englishman's castle to places where cars and motor coaches disgorge the curious public? In most cases they had long ago retired into a small flat or wing of the house. There is no income in Britain that, after taxation, can pay for the owners of a 100-room house like Longleat, ancestral home of the Marquesses of Bath, actually to live in them.

But the houses differ from the publicly owned mansions in that they are still homes and sometimes in going round you will see lying about an opened book, a newspaper, a letter or something else which tells you that when the public have gone, the room will be lived in again by people who regard it just as home and not as a museum.

In some cases the titled owners and their family act as guides or stand at the door collecting the entrance money, but in most there are professional guides. The visitor may be vaguely conscious that somewhere behind one of the locked doors the family is sitting down to tea. A guide at Hatfield House told me that one day Lord Salisbury, wanting to consult a book in his library, found himself at the end of a queue of sightseers going in and had to take his turn to enter his own room!

The most remarkable thing is the way the heads of once rich families have combined commerce with dignity. There is no attempt to conceal the fact that the object of the whole business is to make money, but there is an absence of any vulgar showmanship.

The great surprise to the owners has been the courtesy and care of the public. 126,000 people tramped through the rooms of Blenheim Palace, home of the Marlboroughs last summer; 90,000 through Longleat House; 50,000 through Hatfield House. Yet there was no damage, nothing was broken, nothing stolen. Flowers were not picked in the gardens and the lawns were not spoilt by people taking short cuts.

It is as if the public realized these were real homes and although they paid for admission, treated them as they would the home of a friend. The absence of "wear-and-tear" in spite of the huge number of visitors has been one of the pleasantest surprises in an age when public authorities are always complaining of "hooliganism" and wanton carelessness.

IN most of the stately homes parties of up to twenty are conducted round on set tours, the items of interest in each room being pointed out. But at Knowsley Hall, Lord Derby found it more effective to have the guides stationed at "strategic points" and pass the public from one to the other, a system now copied at Blenheim.

For the serious lover of beautiful things both these systems have the disadvantage that the tour is necessarily superficial and that he is apt to be whisked away just as he is getting interested in some particular item.

To meet this need, Lord Onslow at Clandon in Surrey introduced what he first called a "Connoisseurs' Day" and later a "Special Sunday Opening" at double entrance fee when the visitor could wander as he wished without guides. Wilton House, near Salisbury, home of the Earl of Pembroke, introduced special days on which the private as well as the "public" apartments could be seen. The success of these ideas will no doubt lead to their being copied at other stately homes for although there may be keen competition for the public, the owners exchange information and experiences.

The methods of organization differ. Some homes arrange their own catering, but most find it more convenient to let the catering to an outside firm, keeping some control over quality and prices and taking a percentage of the receipts. In many places parking for motor vehicles is free. In others the shilling parking fee adds a useful sum to the takings.

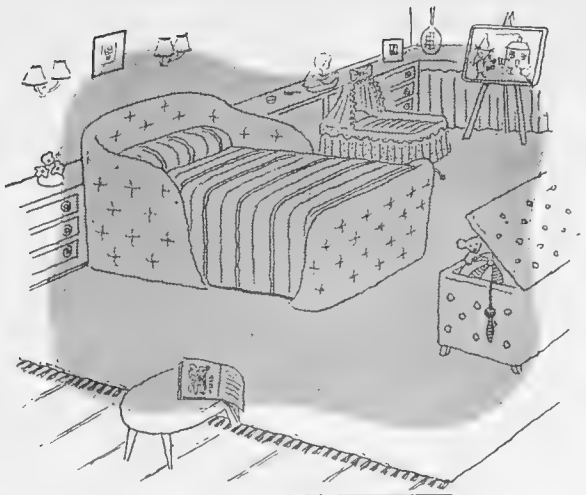
At all there are guide books—in some cases written by the noble owner or his wife—and often pictures and souvenirs to swell the takings.

Selling visitors fruit, flowers and vegetables from the gardens is an obvious development. It is doubtful whether much money is made out of it, but the money enables the gardens to be kept up, even if, as at Blenheim it is possible to have only twenty gardeners instead of the former sixty. The prices are generally about those ruling in the shops and what probably appeals to visitors is not the snobbery of eating a ducal apple but of getting "home grown" produce that is really fresh.

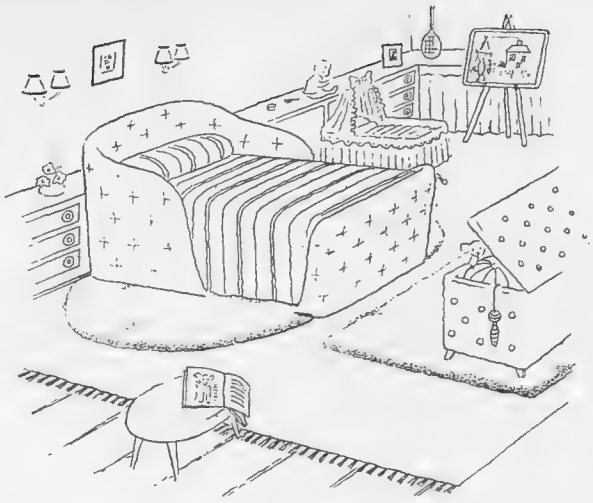
Running ancestral homes as a business is obviously here to stay, one of the many social revolutions of the post-war period. There are no fortunes to be made out of it, but it will make it possible for many to keep homes that would otherwise have been lost. Whether in due course some of the owners will take the next logical step and open the mansions to boarders remains to be seen.

In Ireland the sixteenth Baron of Inchiquin recently decided to take this step as the only way to save the ancestral Dromoland Castle in County Clare with its fifty rooms and 1,700 acres.

END



the nursery



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The Ancestral Seat

(*Continued from page 51*)

Among the cadets of this celebrated family, who, each in their turn contributed to the history of their time, was the Marquess of Argyll, who fought with the Covenanters against Montrose and was executed in 1661 at the market-cross at Edinburgh with the instrument dubbed "The Maiden." Twenty-four years later his heir, the ninth Earl, suffered a similar fate at the same place for his participation in Monmouth's rebellion. He had previously escaped from prison in the disguise of a page holding the train of his step-daughter.

The fifth Duke married Elizabeth Gunning (Baroness Hamilton), one of the great beauties at the court of George III. He and his wife entertained the learned Dr. Johnson at Inveraray when he and Boswell came there at the conclusion of their remarkable Hebridean tour in the late autumn of 1773. The redoubtable doctor, who was driven round the grounds in a "low one-horse chair" has recorded for posterity not only his praises of the ducal seat (he held that the building should have been a story higher), but also his approbation of the local inn, which was "not only commodious, but magnificent."

The next recorded impression of Inveraray worthy of note was contributed by Queen Victoria, who described it thus in her journal of August, 1847 : "The approach to Inveraray is splendid; the loch is very wide; straight before you a fine range of mountains splendidly lit up—green, pink and lilac; to the left, the little town of Inveraray; and above it, surrounded by pine woods, stands the Castle of Inveraray, square, with turrets at the corners." She also observed the two-year-old Marquess of Lorne, standing at the castle entrance, wearing "a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporran,' scarf, and Highland bonnet." This "merry, independent little child" was one day to become the husband of the Queen's fourth daughter, the Princess Louise.

And so, to-day, the ducal standard still flutters from the battlemented tower of Inveraray Castle, where Ian Douglas, eleventh Duke of Argyll, was busy, when these photographs were taken recently, supervising the extensive restoration work to his ancestral home. He is the son of the late Douglas Walter Campbell, and grandson of Lord Walter Campbell and was born in 1903. He served with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders during the war when he was taken prisoner. Hereditary Keeper of the Castles of Dunstaffnage, Dunoon, Tarbert and Carrick, the Duke is also Heritable Master of the Royal Household in Scotland and Admiral of the Western Coasts and Isles. He has two sons, the eldest of whom, the Marquess of Lorne, is heir to the dukedom, and a daughter, Lady Jeanne Campbell, who was one of this year's débutantes. Last March the Duke married the former Mrs. Charles Sweeny.

END

The Family Man

(*Continued from page 15*)

could hear the sound of Miss Perryman still sobbing.

What on earth was I going to say to her?

"He never kept his papers at home. And I never came up here. He didn't like me being mixed up in his business. He had two practices, you know, and used to be away a lot. He always kept his private life quite separate from his business. What a loss I have had!"

Mrs. Smith wiped her eyes. "Poor Herbert! Who would have ever thought that such a strong, handsome man would have been carried off so sudden in the prime of life?"

"Just come into the office, and we'll see if we can find his papers," I said.

"It's his will, is the most important," said Mrs. Smith.

I WENT to the surgery door and opened it. Miss Perryman had recovered herself, and was mechanically putting all Mr. Smith's instruments in order.

"Who was it?" she asked me.

"It's—it's a woman, she says she's Mr. Smith's wife, and she's got three children to prove it."

"I don't believe it. Where is she?"

"In the office, looking for his will."

"She's an imposter. I must stop her at once." Miss Perryman rushed to the office door and flung it open, and I heard the two women's voices raised in furious altercation. A lonely grief is one thing, but two women mourning together over the same man, obviously did not make for unity.

Presently the telephone rang and I was glad to get out of earshot. I went into the surgery to answer it.

"Is Mr. Smith there?" said a nervous diffident voice.

"No." Oh, well, I thought, might as well take the bull by the horns. "I'm sorry to tell you that Mr. Smith died rather suddenly last night."

"No——" The voice rather breathed, than said the word, and I heard the sharp click of the receiver.

"Hallo, hallo." But the voice was gone, just the echo of that breathed, "No," and then silence.

I went back into the hall.

THE two women were well at it by now. Mrs. Smith was rummaging furiously through his papers, and as I peered into the office, I saw the papers, and cards which I had so carefully arranged, all over the floor.

"Don't you dare touch another thing. I'll ring the police," shouted Miss Perryman.

"What right have you to stop me—you—you!" At this moment I looked round the door.

"Would you like some tea?" I said.

The two protagonists heard the whisper of a cup of tea as a "cease fire" and they both looked gratefully at me.

Mrs. Smith spoke first, and her voice was kind and motherly, and this was not surprising, she must have had plenty of practice. I heard the voices of the fruits of her union loudly raised.

"That would be ever so kind. I'm just dying for a cup," she said.

Miss Perryman flounced out. If I had not known otherwise I should have said she was a picture of outraged innocence. She turned in the doorway of the little office.

"How can you cast a slur on poor Bertie's memory, by pretending to be his wife?"

"Slur yourself!" said Mrs. Smith rudely. The conversation was getting on a lower level all the time, and I went out to my cubby hole to make the tea. Mrs. Smith turned again to the desk. She was a woman with one purpose, to find the will.

I HEARD the surgery door bang after Miss Perryman. The house settled down to quiet. The two woman, soothed with cups of tea, had broken off the engagement. The morning wore on.

About lunch time the door bell rang, and as Miss Perryman gave no signs of life, I opened it.

A small fair girl about twenty-five, stood on the doorstep. She was pretty in an indeterminate way, with fairish hair, and short-sighted blue eyes.

She held a small boy of two years old by the hand.

"I got here as soon as I could," she said. "I'm Mrs. Smith."

I looked at her dumbfounded. Then I noticed a taxi in the road drawn up near the house.

"Is that your taxi?"

"Oh, yes, I was in such a state I'd forgotten it. I've come all the way from Putney. Would you mind holding Johnny's hand for a minute?"

"I'll pay off the taxi," I said.

"Oh, but I must fetch Baby," said the second Mrs. Smith. She paid off the taxi, and fetched a large Moses basket out of the back of the cab. I let her come into the house. There was nothing else to do.

We stood in the hall, and she put the basket on the chest. I looked at Baby. There was no doubt about it at all, it was the spit-and-image of Mr. Smith, except that it had no moustache.

"I don't know what I'm doing," said the second Mrs. Smith. "How did he die? Are you sure there's no mistake. He can't be dead. Oh, Herbie, Herbie. I waited for you all night and you didn't come." She rocked herself backwards and forwards.

"Does he come home every night?"

"Oh, no, you see he has—had," she cried at this point, "two practices. One in the country. I never interfered in his business affairs. I would never have dared to come to his office. Herbie was rather strict about that. He kept his family life and his surgery quite separate. Herbie was such a family man."

That seemed to me to be an understatement.

"Is there somewhere we can talk? I don't like to hear all the details in front of little Johnny."

"There's the waiting-room," I said doubtfully.

"I'd be ever so grateful if I could put the children quietly in there. I'll take them in."

"Oh, no, let me," I said. "You must have been through such a lot to-day."

She sank gratefully on to the hall chair, and I carried the Moses basket towards the dining-room. "Go along, Johnny, go with the young lady," said the second Mrs. Smith.

I OPENED the waiting-room door with some trepidation. The three children cheerily informed me that they had been playing "Snowstorms." They had. All the magazines had been torn up into tiny pieces, and were scattered all over the floor.

I put the baby on to the table.

"Now listen, all of you, you're not to touch the baby," I said as I led little Johnny in. The room was rapidly becoming a crèche.

"Oo, isn't he small?" said the oldest boy. "Was I ever so small?"

"Quite as small."

"Oo, how funny! Does his dad play with him do you think, the same way he used to play with me, when I was small?"

"Exactly the same way," I replied. "I'll be back in a minute, and if I find any of you has touched the baby, there'll be trouble."

"O.K., Miss. I'll look after them," said the eldest boy. I went into the hall and at the same moment I saw the fat Mrs. Smith come into the hall. She looked at the fair girl, who was quietly weeping as she sat on the chair.

"Are you a patient?" said Mrs. Smith. "If so you'll have to go home. You've no right here."

The second Mrs. Smith wiped her eyes.

"You're his secretary, I suppose. I've often heard your voice on the phone."

"His sec——" The first Mrs. Smith was too astonished and furious to speak.

The fair girl rose. She was a picture of tragic woe.

"I am his wife," she said in a noble voice, "I'm Mrs. Smith."

"What do you mean, wife? I'm his wife, I'm Mrs. Smith."

"I don't believe you, I've got my marriage lines," said the fair girl proudly.

"So have I." The first Mrs. Smith rushed to the surgery. "Miss Perryman!" she shouted. "Come out. There's a woman here."

Miss Perryman did not answer at first, but hearing her name called again, she came out. She too, was a picture of tragic woe.

"Yes?" she said quietly.

"This woman," (*Continued on page 60*)

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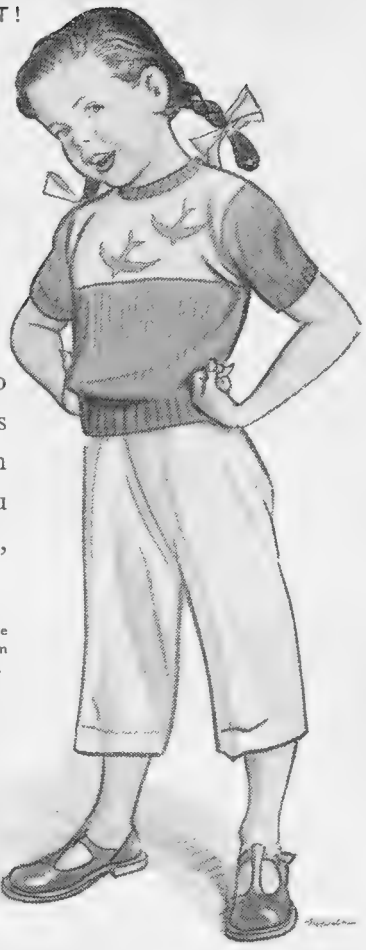

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said the first Mrs. Smith, pointing to the fair girl, "says she married Herbert Smith. What do you know about that?"

"I don't believe it. It's a conspiracy. A plot. You're all in it."

"My two children are in the waiting-room. You can look at them. They are exactly like poor Herbie," said the fair girl.

"I always called him Bertie," said Miss Perryman.

"His name was Herbert, and he had three children. My children!" said the first Mrs. Smith proudly.

SHE turned on me.

"You're his secretary, *you* must know who his wife is. You pay out the cheques."

"I've only been here a day." I looked from one woman to the other. Mr. Smith had catholic taste. Plump, slim and plain, they all three looked at me appealingly.

"Are any of you called Elsie?"

"No," they all replied with one voice.

The telephone broke the silence, buzzing monotonously. Miss Perryman made no move to answer it.

So I went into the surgery and closed the door.

"Is Mr. Smith there?" said a determined voice on the phone.

"No."

"I must speak to him, and don't you put me off. Just tell him it's Elsie. He'll speak to me all right if he hears that," said the voice.

"I doubt it," I replied, and put back the receiver. I went wearily into the hall, the three women were at it again. They were all talking at once. They did not even notice my passing them. I put on my hat and coat, and went towards the front door.

In the waiting-room I heard the children's voices. I opened the door a crack and peered in. They were playing quite happily together. It was not surprising, they had quite a lot in common.

I shut the door again and, as I passed the surgery, I heard the telephone ringing again. I did not answer it. The three women were still hard at it, and the tide of battle had now swept them into the small office.

I opened the street door gingerly. There was no one in sight. I was determined to get away before anyone arrived with triplets.

The next day I went back to the Secretarial Agency. I told them I had lost my job owing to the death of Mr. Herbert Smith.

"What a shame!" said the girl at the desk. "What was he like?"

"Oh, he was very nice. Quite a family man, in fact."

END

Books (*Continued from page 30*)

expects of an artist whose signature tune is "In a shady nook, by a babbling brook," but also humour.

With **"The Squire of Piccadilly"** (Jarrolds, 15s.) we are in Albany, sharing William Stone's vivid memories of the days beyond recall, in fireside talks with Henry Baerlein. Mr. Stone, ninety-four, has lived in that bachelor haunt fifty-eight years, so there isn't much he doesn't know about the West End and its leading personalities, past and present. This is a vintage book for anecdotists who like good talk spiced with humour and mellowed with wisdom.

Giovanni Campo, a fellow medical student whom he knew in Florence, is the subject of George Sava's **"A Doctor's Odyssey"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.). An idealist at odds with Fascism, he left Italy, joined a medical mission in Africa, went to China, worked with the Red Army against the Japs. A tragic factor is his love for a scheming, ambitious young Florentine woman who pushes him into material success which sacrifices his principles. How much is fact, how much fiction, one doesn't know; but it makes an arresting human story.

AN advantage in exploring other people's lives in books is that one can go back through the centuries. Hugh Ross Williamson's **"Sir Walter Raleigh"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) is an admirably written short biography of the man whose secret marriage to Bess Throckmorton cost him so much as Elizabeth's courtier. **"The Letters of Private Wheeler, 1809-1828"** (Michael Joseph, 18s.), edited by B. H. Liddell Hart, cover Walcheren, the Peninsular War, Waterloo and the Mediterranean, and show that the infantryman hasn't changed fundamentally in 150 years. Eileen Bigland's **"In the Steps of George Borrow"** (Rich & Cowan, 15s.) retraces his life from Suffolk to Wales, Ireland, Spain with that pilgrim evocation of *locale* which is a feature of this excellent series.

Two Batsford quartos for lovers of elegant bookcraft: Ralph Dutton's **"The Age of Wren"** (42s.), with more than 150 fine illustrations of the work of Wren and his contemporaries; L. T. C. Rolt's **"The Thames from Mouth to Source"** (21s.), with twenty-eight colour-plates. Colour photographs of the Household Brigade and plates of popular varieties of roses high-spot the eleventh **"Saturday Book"** (Hutchinson, 25s.), packed with distinctive features by editor Leonard Russell.

PAUL TABORI, now a Hollywood film-scripter, takes a film theme for his latest novel. **"Salvatore"** (Cassell, 10s. 6d.) was a Valentino type who achieved fame, died. His producer, eager to make a film of his life, goes to Italy to plumb the mystery of his pre-U.S. origins and finds he is so hated in his birthplace, a small fishing port, that when a Salvatore film is shown there a riot ensues and the cinema is wrecked. The girl he betrayed, the son she bore him, and his treachery in a local political matter have a share in the unfolding of a story itself filmic.

G. B. Stern's *The Matriarch* showed us how strongly religion and the family dominate Jewish life. Business is also an important factor in Jacqueline Shohet's **"Jacob's Ladder"** (Harvill Press, 12s. 6d.), an intense study of three generations of a Cairo trader's family and the war of ideals that beset it when new methods must replace the old. Here, presented on a big canvas, is all the drama of "time marching on" where tradition is strongest, with a vital character, Rachel, in the centre of the conflict.

Emily Halliday, in Stanley Wade Baron's **"The End of the Line"** (Hart-Davis, 15s.), finds herself in a different kind of conflict. A blonde *femme fatale* who has left her husband, a U.S. Embassy official in Paris, she roams Europe at a loose end, bored with the love of men she meets in bars—until she falls for a young Communist who wants her to return to her husband and spy on him because he is an enemy of the Party. A fluently written tale: sophisticated, cosmopolitan.

Bessie Hipkiss hasn't much time to be bored in Fred Urquhart's **"Jezebel's Dust"** (Methuen, 12s. 6d.); she's too busy having affairs with Poles, Free French and what-have-you in Edinburgh and London, though not too busy to find ultimate redemption with a G.I. A merciless study of a low-life good-time girl who conquers even her author with a dash of romantic sentiment.

TRUST A. P. Herbert to clear decks for action—and broadsides—when an admiral and Earl is hoofed out of his mansion to make way for a pack of psychiatrists who test candidates for promotion in the Civil Service and Forces. And naturally the admiral, his lieutenant son, and a nice girl outmanoeuvre officialdom by an amusing, ingenious trick. I have enjoyed the rout of Hambone Hall in Sir Alan's **"Number Nine"** (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) as I used to the routs at the famous bohemian club of that name on gala nights.

After this English fun, some typically Yank: the letters of Joe about his deliciously nitwit young wife, Ethel, in Damon Runyon's **"The Turps"** (Constable, 12s. 6d.), with laugh-sketches by Josef and Lt.-Col. Frank Wilson. They're all in the inimitable "I ses", "she ses" style, with cute slants on the humours of marriage.

And for those who like good "historicals": Margaret Campbell Barnes's **"With All My Heart"** (MacDonald, 12s. 6d.), the love story of Charles II's wife, Catherine of Braganza; Paul Frischauer's **"So Great A Queen"** (Cassell, 15s.), about the biblical Esther and King Ahasuerus; Mika Waltari's **"The Sultan's Renegade"** (Putnam, 15s.), a packed 450-page story of the Mediterranean wars of Mohammedan and Christian in the sixteenth century.

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers include:

FICTION

"Not an Inch," by W. Townend (Rich & Cowan, 10s. 6d.); **"Kissing Kin,"** by Elswyth Thane (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.); **"Heaven and Charing Cross,"** by Aubrey Danvers-Walker (Constable, 10s. 6d.); **"The Invisible Worm,"** by Gordon Sager (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.); **"They Came to a Mountain,"** by Pat Miles (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.); **"A Trial of Love,"** by Maurice Edelman (Wingate, 10s. 6d.); **"A Banner for Pegasus,"** by John and Emery Bonett (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.); **"What Dreams May Come,"** by Cynthia Asquith (James Barrie, 10s. 6d.); **"Pride and Prejudice,"** by Jane Austen (Macdonald Illustrated Classics series, 9s. 6d.).

POCKET EDITIONS

"Old Parish Churches," by N. E. Boyle (Skeffington, 4s. 6d.); **"Serena Blandish,"** by Enid Bagnold (Pan, 2s.); **"English Society in the Middle Ages,"** by Doris Mary Stenton (Pelican, 2s. 6d.); **"The Provincial Lady,"** by E. M. Delafield (Pan, 2s.); **"Summer Half,"** by Angela Thirkell (Penguin, 2s. 6d.); **"Off to Philadelphia in the Morning,"** by Jack Jones (Penguin, 3s. 6d.); **"Crime and Punishment,"** by Fyodor Dostoyevsky (Penguin, 5s.).

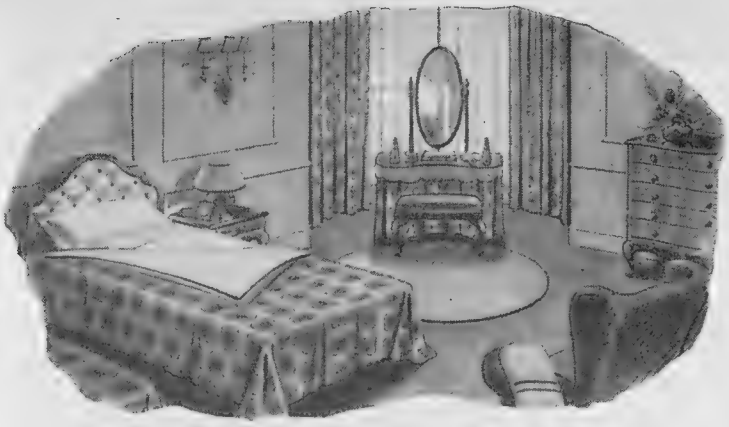
MISCELLANEOUS

"Arabian Adventure," by Stanton Hope (Robert Hale, 16s.); **"The Swiss Family Perelman,"** by S. J. Perelman (Reinhardt & Evans, 12s. 6d.); **"The Mystery of Dead Lovers,"** by Maurice Collis (Faber, 21s.); **"Old Clocks for Modern Use,"** by Edward Wenham (Bell, 21s.); **"French Tapestries,"** by George Wingfield Digby (Batsford, 7s. 6d.); **"Aesop's Foibles,"** by Oscar Berger (Hutchinson, 15s.); **"The Archer's Craft,"** by Adrian Eliot Hodgkin (Faber, 35s.); **"à la Carte,"** by Oscar Berger (Hutchinson, 15s.); **"Lancashire,"** The County Books Series (Robert Hale, 15s.).

REPRINTS

"A Wanderer in Rome," by E. V. Lucas (Methuen, 15s.); **"While Rome Burns,"** by Alexander Woollcott (Arthur Barker, 10s. 6d.); **"Side-Saddle,"** by Doreen Archer Houblon (Country Life, 25s.).

END



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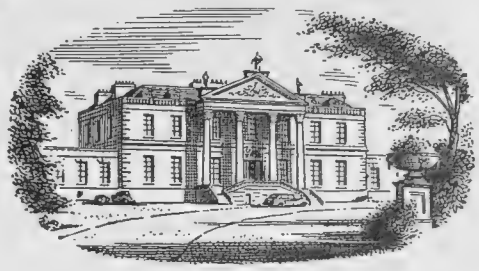

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Scotland's Gems (*Continued from page 50*)

sandstone where it has been subjected to great volcanic heat.

The yellow quartz is citrine, brown-cairngorm, purple-amethyst, and bistre to jet black—morion. Very fine amethysts with a pink undertone come from the district of Loch Morar; but amethyst as well as the other coloured varieties of quartz have a pretty wide distribution, Arran, Kintyre and the Cairngorms being the most noteworthy localities of their occurrence.

Apart from crystalline quartz, some attractive stones are produced by deposition from solution of quartz in hot water percolating through the cavities of porous volcanic rock. These stones are generally described as chalcedony, but there are many distinct varieties having different names. The opaque red or brown stone is called jasper. The semi-transparent variety of comparable colouring is known as carnelian, etc.

Chalcedony is sometimes deposited in layers, which may differ in colour producing very fine effects. Such a stone is called agate or "Scotch pebble." As the latter name indicates, it has a wide distribution in Scotland and will be found, together with the other kinds of chalcedony, in conglomerates containing weathered debris of lavas which form the bedrock of many Lowland districts and are exposed to advantage along the beaches of Ayrshire, Fife, Arran, Kintyre and the Inner Hebrides.

Opal is a somewhat similar stone and can also be found in Scotland, though not quite so often. The best Scottish opals come from Kintyre and Tallisker in Skye.

Garnet is probably the commonest of the Scottish semi-precious stones and can confidently be looked for in the Highlands wherever mica-schists are exposed. It has a somewhat complicated chemistry and will differ in colour depending on composition from cinnamon-brown to red, though it always retains the characteristic appearance of an eight-, twelve- or twenty-four sided bead. Fine red pyrope garnets, known as "Elie rubies," are found in the volcanic deposits of Elie Ness in Fife.

Tourmaline and kyanite have a similar mode of occurrence if not appearance. The former can be green, brown, red, blue or jet black, all these kinds known from Scotland. The latter is usually blue, but sometimes also pink or colourless.

Apart from schists, tourmaline may be found in granite and some other igneous rocks, which also contain olivine, a stone very common as a mineral but rarely obtainable in large, well-formed crystals.

From this it will emerge that Scotland has a good deal to offer to a jeweller of which he has so far made comparatively little use, largely owing to the competition of cheap foreign stones, and the coloured things one often sees in the so-called "Scottish jewellery" are more often than not made of common glass or "paste" in Birmingham or possibly Czechoslovakia. END

The Thirteenth Bust (*Continued from page 8*)

And even before the body is cold I make a mould of the head and shoulders. From that I get a plaster of Paris cast. After which it is only a matter of sculpture. And I've always been good at sculpture. They are good, don't you think?"

I still didn't answer, but eyed him warily.

HE stubbed his cigarette end in the tray, looked up and stared into my eyes.

"Doctor Chalmers," he said quietly, "I want you for my thirteenth bust."

I don't know how I managed it but I smiled.

"And whom am I supposed to have murdered?" I asked good-humouredly.

A flicker of annoyance crossed his face.

"Don't fence with me, Chalmers. If you're not yet ready to talk, then I am . . . !

"I haven't found out what Harry Wilson knew that made it possible for him to blackmail you. I only know that he was doing so. I know that you'd paid him quite a lot of money, but as is usual with blackmailers his demands never stopped.

"One day you went to see him. In fact, you were taking a payment with you. Two hundred pounds in notes that later you were indiscreet enough to leave behind you in his room. It will interest you to know that they were stolen by the woman who lived below.

"As you approached his house in Wandsworth Road, a woman—the same woman who later stole the notes—came rushing out of the door.

"You stopped her and asked her if something was wrong, and she said that she had to get a doctor as Mr. Wilson who lived above had had another attack. Apparently he had had others before.

"You said that you were a doctor and followed her up to the room.

"Wilson was lying on the bed, I imagine in a pretty bad way, suffering with a heart attack.

"You tested his heart and found that though it was bad, doubtless with complete rest and no shock he'd pull round as he had before. But your brain worked fast and cleverly. You told the woman that a bowl of hot water was necessary, and in this way you managed to get her out of the room.

"When she returned with the water, Wilson was dead.

"You told her, to explain the bump she'd heard while she was out of the room, that while you had turned your back for a moment Wilson had fallen from the bed. What really happened, I suspect, is that you picked him up and threw him to the floor knowing that in his condition it would kill him.

"Naturally with your evidence and the fact that his heart was known to be groggy his own doctor had no hesitation in certifying natural death. Quite neat, doctor, and an excellent piece of opportunism."

"Damn you!" I said. "Where did you learn all this?"

"Come, come, Doctor Chalmers, why was he blackmailing you?"

I passed a hand wearily over my eyes. I said slowly:

"A mad indiscretion that occurred in my surgery during my early practitioner days. I don't know how he got to know of it. Probably heard it from the woman concerned—she was no good—some time afterwards. He reckoned that even though years had passed he could still make capital out of it. Particularly as I was now a specialist.

"He wrote me, hinting at it, and I went to see him. I found he was quite ready to expose me, and I just couldn't afford that. I had to meet his demands."

AGAIN my hand covered my eyes. I wanted to blot out the worry of the last few months. There was a silence that lasted a long time; then I took my hand away . . . to find I was staring into the muzzle of the snub-nosed repeater.

Chilton was smiling. "Thank you, Doctor Chalmers. You'll appreciate that I do like to understand everything before I complete the programme.

"The next step, I suppose, must be obvious to you. But I should like to say first that at other times when I have reached this stage, many who have sat in that chair before you have been calm and welcomed it. The always present fear of being found out, tormented perhaps by conscience, they are glad to know their anxieties are at an end. This pistol is fitted with a silencer. I'm an excellent shot. I fire once, through the heart. And I never miss. Are you ready?"

I stared shocked at the little weapon. Then I went cold and hot by turns. Whatever feelings the others may have had, mine still hankered after life. I had never doubted that I had done wrong, but I disputed the authority of this twelve-times murderer to judge me. I said quickly:

"Wait!"

He looked at me expectantly.

I suddenly screwed up my face as if with pain. My breathing became laboured and gasping. I panted:

"Don't . . . think . . . you'll need . . . your pistol, Chilton. Worry of last . . . few months. And now . . . this. Fatty heart. Never been . . . much good. Make . . . make it a good bust, Chilton!" I finished on a shrill cry, and slumped forward to the floor.

HE sprang up startled. I exerted every bit of will-power to keep perfectly still. But fear was hammering away at my pulse. Surely this simple ruse couldn't work?

But he crossed the few yards that separated us and stood over me. I don't think he suspected a trick, but he was puzzled.

I told myself it was now or never. I gripped his ankles and heaved.

With an oath he crashed to the floor. I tried to move my ponderous girth quickly enough to get on top of him. But I was seconds late. He was sitting up and sighting his pistol as I rolled over.

I knew he would fire and that that would be the end. A last desperate fling of my arm to deflect the bullet, then *plop!* . . . And I was alive, and he was dead.

It was incredible. My arm had struck so fast that the hand holding the pistol had been flung towards himself. There was a blue scorched hole in his temple. Death had been immediate.

Panting with exertion and shock I struggled to my feet. I stood some moments trembling. Then slowly my brain began to function.

Chilton lay on his back, the pistol firmly clasped in his right hand. He looked—just as he would have looked if he had taken his own life.

I forced myself to think clearly. Fingerprints? Yes, on the handle of the door. I went to it, opened it by holding the handle with my handkerchief, and wiped the reverse handle clean. Anything else to betray a visitor? Nothing that I could think of. No glasses, no food, not even a cigarette.

I began to breathe more freely. I was sure the set-up looked like suicide.

I was just about to leave when an idea came to me. It brought a grim smile to my face.

I walked quietly into the hall to where the bust of Chilton stood beside the stairs. Pedestal and bust were not too heavy. I managed to lift them and carry them back into the room.

Very carefully I placed his bust in line with the others, at the end of the three-quarter circle. I wiped it thoroughly with my handkerchief, making sure no fingerprints were left.

Then I stepped back, studied it and burst into a soft laugh. I told myself as I went out of the door it was fitting that Chilton's should be the thirteenth bust.

END

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New Ideas In Fraud (*Continued from page 12*)

Whole bundles of the forgeries went up in smoke, but many are still going the rounds and are known as "Himmler Pounds."

To-day Schmidt's masterpiece is a ten-dollar bill. He also goes in for Italian lire and the Swiss franc. In general, European currencies are more easily faked than formerly because they were issued by post-liberation governments who needed currency quickly and lacked the proper facilities for good engraving.

Fraud covers a wide range and is not all South Sea Bubble, banks, Bensons and Bottomleys. It has been with us a long time . . . loaded dice were found in Herculaneum. In the ancient and medieval worlds individuals practised fraud as a profession. To-day's quack is the nearest, only he doesn't go down from father to son. In modern times the emphasis has veered to the man of natural probity, turning to fraud from a variety of motives conditioned by his life.

The true exponent may be a person "gifted with ingenuity, a persuasive tongue and histrionic talent without a moral sense to restrain them," but not always. There can be nobility in fraud. Wenzel Hanka fabricated old Czech poetry for forty years and even had Goethe avowedly taking from him. The motive here was simple patriotism: Wenzel could not bear to see his country without a poetical past. The teenage prodigy and suicide, Bristol's Chatterton, was actuated by the same motive in fabricating the poems of "Tom Rowley, fifteenth-century Monk."

YET, out of the past, my firm vote goes to "de Rougement." How an Australian footman, Paul Fountain, kept up for years a highly remunerative fake of sensational travels in the South Seas and South America, in the lifetime of many still with us, beats me. Paul certainly had the gifts as stipulated. He also raises the point: are we bigger "suckers" now than we used to be?

I use the term because of two girl aircraft workers in America and how they dreamt up something entirely new. All the men were gambling-mad at the plant. O.K. Why not run a "love lottery"? First prize, a week-end party at the girls' home, food, liquor and other incidentals furnished free.

Tickets were fixed at 4s., but soon had soared to 15s. The lottery—quite legal—was a wow, its two principals in the top flight of spare-time earners. But then what came over them? Probably the old story: easy work breeding contempt for the job. At any rate complaints were heard from winners. ("Take us for a lot of suckers?").

The lottery ended amid cries of fraudulent misrepresentation. But it had been good while it lasted—£180 a week "good" in the peak week. As always, ingenuity had proved itself.

It did so in exalted circles, in the case of André Branchat, French tailor in a small way. André stands charged with swindling thirty political personages, including Premier Pleven, ex-Premier Reynaud, and the Minister of Reconstruction—these among a whole host of lesser fry. André's idea was for "a chain of Utopian *Cités*"—outsize garden suburbs. The prototype was to be on the site of an old military fort at Issy, south of Paris, and was to house 25,000 people round an artificial lake half-a-mile in diameter.

On "landing" the Minister, who requisitioned office space, André gave up his tailoring, engaged technicians, issued publicity, and set out to raise £100,000 to begin with. He fairly "soaked" the Senate and Chamber of Deputies and might have gone merrily on but for one investor who thought it odd that no visible return had come about for his £1,000 after two years. He went to the police.

The same dictate of keeping up with the needs of the day is evident with a "ring" of Argentines active on the Continent. The idea is to cash in on the anxiety of wealthy people to get out of Europe. Members of the ring not only offer South American real estate for sale, they tell prospects exactly how they can take their money along with them. They are also ready with false visas (quite a business this, on its own). Transactions usually take place in *de luxe* hotels, with elegant beauties acting as go-betweens. There is only one flaw. The properties across the ocean are non-existent, castles in what was once New Spain.

Sydney police have extended to other countries, including Britain, the search for two men and a woman who, they believe, obtained about £15,000 in "key money" for flats and houses which did not exist. Running an estate agency, their method was to show a dummy flat as bait and demand money for the right to rent it.

HOW to make £20 a week by inserting small advertisements costing a few shillings was demonstrated by a Torquay man. All he did was to advertise flats to let up and down the country and to request that applications be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes. Over three or four months he received 22,000 replies, and of these 14,000 contained "the necessary." The stamps would be turned into 6d. postal orders, with which the man kept up a bank account. But I'm not sure the oddest part wasn't the punishment: £30 fine with the alternative of two months in jail.

From stamps and postal orders to *louis d'or* —lashings of them. The last *louis d'or* I can recall were currency in Paris in late 1914. But you'd be surprised how they are still in circulation. I forget how many times they've gone up in value—thirty-five times, or forty. They are quoted daily and a vast clandestine commerce goes on to satisfy hoarders.

Why not make *louis d'or* yourself—genuine, full weight, true-ringing pieces—and pocket the minting profit taken by governments? That is what an Italian gang thought up. They mixed the correct weight of gold and copper—let us say 2 lbs. of gold to make 170 *louis d'or*. Owing to the greatly enhanced quotation price, they made a profit of 160,000 paper francs (£1,800), less the cost of minting and copper, on that one deal.

Upwards of 200,000 genuine but forged *louis d'or* are believed to have been put into circulation.

Ingenuity, ingenuity! Who'd have thought one may practise fraud by regulating the heart-beat? That was left to an American who, for some reason, prefers living from nursing home to nursing home. By muscular control he is able to make his heart do strange things—up to 300 beats a minute is one of them. He had forty aliases for the nationwide care taken of him before this was interrupted. Just one of those things: he unwittingly returned to a clinic that had let him go after finding him out.

WHEN "Professor" Clement recently stood in the dock at Toulouse, the thoughts of many Frenchwomen must have been with him. The charge? Circularizing a "magnetized love perfume." "This perfume" (the leaflet said), "has been specially prepared to help you, even by mail, to be seductive, to charm, to awaken troubling desires between you and others. And in order to fortify your love magnetism, it is enough for you to perfume your letter with one drop of this love scent."

Defending counsel quoted a girl who wrote: "I put the bottle of love scent in my corsage; soon men looked at me with a new awareness." By contrast, French police in Africa reported that the perfume was giving a fillip to witchcraft. But the "Professor" is no tyro. He is President of the French Circle of Psychism, and he was acquitted. Already New York, Amsterdam and Geneva are to market the scent. Why the city of Calvin before London?

"Lord Sarel" needed no magnetized perfume to charm. He merely did what came naturally, having formerly owned a charm school in London. This ex-private of thirty-four is serving three years for forging and uttering. He had exercised his fascinating manner to the extent of passing himself off as Lord Colchester, Lord Dudley and Lord Michael Ross-Sarel. As plain Lord Sarel, he persuaded the British Embassy in Paris to give him an exit visa in that name.

Certain characters bent on fraud do not hesitate to impersonate living people. A Brighton governess propped up her failing credit by posing as the Countess of Plymouth, in which name she gave a party to blind St. Dunstan's men at the Grand Hotel—and left the bill unpaid. A second Sussex character defrauded Government House, Jersey, by posing as Group-Captain Fielden, Captain of the King's Flight.

Immense ingenuity was exercised by the biggest counterfeiting ring ever uncovered in Belgium. All operations were made under cover of a fictitious Brussels tourist agency with underground headquarters in Liége. The gang forged Belgian travellers' cheques to the tune of £200,000, and Dutch guilders galore, but it was in business for anything from a Customs stamp of approval to a diplomatic passport and an identity card.

The cards were made out to imaginary tourists to enable them to cash cheques which had been made out to the same names. Members of the gang wore enamel badges bearing the identification "Delegate" when shepherding a group of "tourists" equipped with forged credentials and money across the border. Each such group usually travelled on a collective visa which permitted one man to cash all the cheques at the same time, thus lessening the danger of discovery.

"PHONEY" tourists from France into Switzerland are costing the French Government a tidy penny. They journey to Switzerland with fifteen or twenty passports. For each passport they are allowed to change £42 worth of French francs into Swiss francs at the official rate. They then change these back into French francs on the black market, making a profit of 5s. in the £. Whereupon they take their profit home to France, having given the go-by even to Swiss cafés. Too dear!

The "white mice fraud" has a cruel streak. White mice are wanted by laboratories. Why not launch a scheme for breeding them as a spare time affair—not lucrative, maybe, but certainly not arduous! All that was needed was a male, a female, a cage, and tiny "eats." A Norman gang inserted advertisements offering to set people up on receipt of £2. Extra females could be had at 10s. a head. Breeders would periodically forward the progeny to laboratories and receive the current figure.

Is it necessary to add that laboratories and clinics were soon deluged with white mice, that consumption utterly failed to keep pace with production? The bad part was that most of the unfortunate little creatures were returned to their senders, who refused to accept them and piled them up at railway stations. But prison and heavy fines awaited the perpetrators of the swindle.

The Pasteur Institute has had to withdraw its Bardach serum from the market owing to copious frauds. The serum is best known for its rejuvenating properties, but is also good for heart trouble, rheumatics, asthma, and for healing wounds and fractures. It is prepared from the same horse ingredients as the Russian Bogomoletz serum.

The Institute gave two reasons for its action: (1) The serum can be dangerous unless given under hospital supervision. It has got into the hands of traffickers, many of them not even with medical knowledge, who charge £25 for five injections. (2) Often the injections are of so much water with a dash of Bardach, with the result that the serum is getting a thoroughly bad name as inefficacious.

Fraud has thrown people back on Bogomoletz, if they want to rejuvenate, and the Russian serum is very hard to come by.

Customs frauds would fill a book. But I must just mention the goose's gullet. Slashed open by a suspicious officer, out

fell a dozen or more small gold bars. Certainly the nearest yet to the goose that lays the golden eggs.

In demand by air travellers are sheets of gold, measuring four inchs by two inches which can be easily concealed in an overnight bag. They fetch four times their official price on the black market.

Milan is internationally recognized as the centre of the illegal gold market. Gold is liable to get there in such strange shapes as cow-bells and motor-car springs. A car stopped at Chiasso, on the Swiss-Italian border, was found to have had all its upholstery springs fitted in solid gold. Once in Milan, the gold is melted back into ingots and exchanged for banknotes.

A new twist has been given to fraud by the student body. To the deuce with cribbing—that's old-timers' stuff. The thing now is to seduce the university official responsible for getting out the degrees. He is certainly hard hit by the times. A Paris Lycée teacher confessed to forging 150 degrees.

Or there's the radio trick for passing exams. This is the limit and hard to believe, yet it actually occurred in Turin. Two students passed their Greek and Latin examinations because the answers were beamed to them by a short-wave radio outside the school. One student is said to have hidden a radio under a head bandage, the other had one in a cast on a "broken" arm.

The trick did not differ basically from the way in which West Point cadets fraudulently passed their final examinations.

According to the "honour system" examinations are unsupervised. Cadets sit in sections. The same examination is given on succeeding days to other sections. This year one cadet learned that several men had passed the examination paper to candidates sitting next day. One night's swotting and the later men came out with very creditable marks.

The "honour system" lays down that cadets *must* report any violation. The cadet who learned too much could not evade it. Ninety cadets were expelled. Sixty confessed. America was shocked. For the "Point" is their swellest military academy with heaviest accent still on the *gentlemen* cadets.

The root of the scandal was traced to crazy over-emphasis on sport and athletics. Many of the fallen cadets were in the teams. Study took an entirely second place to Spartan training.

END

Where Has The Circus Been?

(*Continued from page* 11)

Alas, not in these days of speed and road traffic conditions. But our posters have been up all along the way for the past five miles and no one could miss the gaudy red, yellow and black lettering on the sides of our vans. Here's a field—our home for a day. By this time to-morrow we shall be ten miles away.

First job is to park the vehicles. The tentmaster is in charge. Now all tumble out. There's a tent to be erected. A tent? Rather, *the* tent—the Big Top itself. Its position-to-be has been marked out on the grass—but first the wooden stakes for the holding ropes must be driven in. On a medium-sized Top we need 240 such stakes. Three men, working with heavy mallets and interlocking precision, beat down the stakes one after the other. One of them is Joey, our clown. Funny that you should think him an old man. But then, you've never seen him before without his painted face.

The three chaps handling the canvas to one side of us will turn into the high-wire act when the show begins. They are good—both with the canvas and on the wire. So we shall probably lose them to the Olympia Circus later this year.

With the stakes in, the main poles are put up—"king-poles" to the expert. The spread canvas is laced. "All hands on the neck!" shouts the tentmaster. Every man to a rope—a pull with a will—and up she rises.

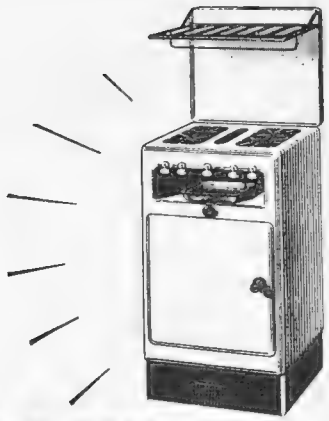
I've put it simply, for the art of raising a tent lies in many men doing many tasks, each of which dove-tails so that neither time nor temper need be wasted.

SO to breakfast for us. The animals having already been housed and fed. And then the unpacking, the setting up of seats, the making of the ring. . . . There's a job that made me open an eye. A circle of turf is lifted, each turf piled to form the barrier between performers and audience, and then sawdust is flung down on the bare earth to make a sure footing for our team of cream and chestnut horses.

The high wires go up and the shining bars of the first trapeze sparkle as they swing. You will know without telling that the distances between those precarious, shifting perches must always be the same—no matter where the show is playing. But what is odd is that although the trapeze bars may hang perfectly horizontal, the acrobats can be put off their flying stroke if the ground below is sloping!

Before lunchtime the lighting is up in Big Top, dressing tents and over our "front." The show front faces the gate of the field, a garish, unbelievable patchwork of painted clowns and horses, lions and ladies, that looks wrong in the strong sunlight. But see it again to-night—as the limelights glare, the music plays, the barker shouts and the queue begins to form. It's our shop window where the customer eagerly pays the piper and revels in the tune.

AFTER a short night's rest, a morning's work and a good meal it would seem a rest is due. You and I can take one for we are supers on this show. But every real performer, except the elderly, now sets to work again—to practise. (*Continued on page* 66)

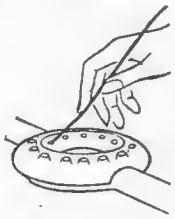


GET THE *Best* OUT OF YOUR GAS COOKER

Your gas cooker is a good and faithful servant, but it will appreciate a little care and attention. Here are some hints on how to keep it in good working order.

clean the burners

Brush the burners with a stiff brush — a good stiff brush. Clean out the holes with a pipe cleaner or a handy hairpin.



wash the grill

The grill should be taken out occasionally and given a good wash in hot soapy water.

wipe the oven

After roasting, wipe the walls of the oven while still warm to remove any grease. Once a week take out the shelves and wash them.

small gas bill

Your cooker is at its best when the oven and other parts are kept clean. It will cook better, look better and, what is more, burn less gas.

Take care of your cooker — and use gas wisely — in your own and the Nation's interest.

ISSUED BY THE GAS COUNCIL

Oh, yes, they were perfect last night—and last month—and last year. Yet they seek, with single-minded simplicity, to perfect perfection. "Even a clown," as Percy Huxter, that great comic personality, told me, "even a clown can find a better, smoother, funnier way of taking a tumble!"

And then the show begins—at half-past four and half-past seven—wet or fine, cold or hot, full house or few. A full programme, mind you, no matter if one or more of the performers is ill or absent. The others always back-up to fill his or her place with the spirit of comradeship and a sense of all-for-all that could well be copied in that other "circus"—of international politics.

As the customers leave, so our packing up and taking down begins. Within two hours of the show's end the magic of the tented tour has vanished. Some of the company tuck into bed in their caravans—others lodge for the night in local digs. To be off again to-morrow—and to-morrow.

And just a word—that field will be left as good as new. Turf replaced—fire sites covered—litter destroyed. The Circus, unlike many of its patrons, never leaves a mess.

There's a fascination about this kind of life that keeps a boy or girl more often than not in the Circus all their days. The men and women marry so that to-day there is a long list of real Circus families with relatives in most of the other companies. If we stay with one Circus on tour we may not meet another rival all the summer. Yet there are over fifty British Circuses in these islands. Some, like Richard Chipperfield's—with a genealogy of 300 years—stick closely to the West Country. There's John Duffy, Batty, Turnbull and others who rarely come out of Ireland. Just as Scotland has Mrs. Pinder and Prince-Cox tenting through the glens. Music hall tours in wintertime keep other smaller Circuses always on the go.

But while a Circus may always be "at home" in Britain, its performers as single stars or special acts are free to make the world their tan-floored ring. As that grand slapstick auguste clown Coco says, "I have performed in nearly every country of the world." Nikki has made them laugh in the Far East, just as Peanuts has covered the Commonwealth. Those satiny horses, nimble tigers, comic dogs, ponderous bears and the elephant with sad, black eyes are world-wide globe-trotters on a startling scale.

So if you're seeing the Circus as a special Christmas show, remember that this short season of settled days and nights is not the whole of Circus life. Out of Christmastime, a British Circus may travel the world on a tenting tour—and often does. And the welcome you give it is echoed even on the one-night stand wherever it may be.

END

Where Has The Circus Been?

Weather Sense And Non-sense

(*Continued from page 29*)

need the backing of men like Mr. Benstead to debunk this fallacy, for gulls may be seen inland at almost any time of the year. I have often seen them on Salisbury Plain, at least fifty miles from the sea, on a sweltering summer afternoon; and nowadays they seem to delight in following the plough. The ornithologists tell us that gulls are becoming more "landlubber-minded" these days, so don't expect rain every time you see one far from its native element.

Neither should we place any faith in that most curious theory that a cat washing behind its ears is a sure sign of rain. Dainty creatures that they are, cats perform this particular toilet every day of their nine lives! We've all heard that when swallows fly low our raincoats will be needed on the morrow. It saddens me to learn that this has nothing to do with the weather that is to be, but that it all depends on what type of winged insect the swallows are hunting! If it is the season of low-flying midges, down come the swallows after them.

That's all there is to it, and it is not for me to dispute the considered opinion of Britain's ardent bird-watchers. I've crossed swallows off my list of weather prophets, even if I do harbour the comforting thought that experts aren't always infallible.

Mind you, I never did believe such flighty jingles as:

When eager bites the thirsty flea,
Clouds and rain you sure shall see.

Neither did I have any sympathy with those who said that the severe frosts and snows of 1947 were the result of atom bomb experiments. This seemed to me as foolish a theory as was held by certain farmers during the wet summer of 1910 when they sent a petition to the Admiralty asking them to postpone gun practice by the Fleet until the harvest was safely gathered!

HAVING dealt with the "goats"—the nonsense of weather prophecy—what about the "sheep?" What portents from Nature can we rely upon? Whether we live in town or country, by far the most reliable and convenient pointers to look for are the types of cloud prevailing. Clouds are composed of great masses of minute particles of water suspended in mid-air and are extremely responsive to climatic conditions, altering their colour or form accordingly. For our purpose we need only consider the five main types of cloud—nimbus, stratus, cirro-cumulus, cumulus and cirrus.

Nimbus. I need say little about this particular formation, for we are only too familiar with its appearance and dismal portent! It rolls across the sky in gloomy masses, usually coming from south or west. Actually, nimbus is a mixture of all types of cloud. Umbrella or raincoat manufacturers might well use "Nimbus" as their trademark.

Stratus. This is the lowest cloud formation of all and appears as long horizontal streaks of white about sunset after a warm day. They tell of good weather for to-morrow and probably for several days to come. They are formed by the cooling of moist air over watery regions.

Cirro-cumulus. Better known to most of us I expect as "mackerel" sky, and composed of small white cloud fragments in patterns resembling the scales of a fish. They are formed as a result of two air-currents crossing at right-angles, and when appearing between scattered showers they indicate that fairer and warmer weather is on the way. Normally they predict dry but windy weather.

Cumulus. These I always think of as holiday clouds. They drift leisurely across the sky like huge fluffy masses of cotton wool. As long as they retain their white, downy appearance, all is well for the rest of the day at least. If, however, their outlines harden and they become tinged with grey, rain is in the offing, though not necessarily heavy or prolonged.

Cirrus. These are the clouds we call "mare's tails"—elongated streaks of white extending for miles across the sky. It is the highest cloud-type of all (over 25,000 ft.) and is the first and last to pick up and reflect the rays of the rising and setting sun. Their message? If accompanied by a gentle breeze, fine and settled weather may confidently be expected. If, however, you observe them *during* a spell of fine weather, and much more elongated than usual, conditions may be expected to deteriorate.

IN passing, it is interesting to note that some of the higher types of cloud travel at surprising speeds—as much as 200 m.p.h. in some cases. Fast-moving clouds usually foretell a rapid change in existing conditions—for better or for worse.

The first hour or two after dawn is perhaps the best time to take observations, particularly in regard to the tints of the sky. Delicate shades of pink or green, or our immediate surroundings suffused in an unnatural golden glow, seem very cheering at the time; but take heed, for they have a face-value only. Most likely storms and gusty squalls will be the order of the day. The pink-tinged sky foretells blustering winds and the green tint heralds the rain. A quiet, grey dawn, though less spectacular at the time, is a surer sign of a fine day.

Can birds tell us anything of coming weather? They certainly can. The writer lives close to a rookery and certain it is that when there is noisy and restless commotion among the tree-tops (not due to the presence of an owl or trespassing jackdaws), storms are on the way. Any observant angler will tell you that many waterfowl (particularly moorhens and coots) become very noisy and agitated when rain is at hand. As a keen nature photographer, I can vouch for the fact that most of the birds of hedgerow and woodland (save perhaps the thrush) fall silent an hour or more before a storm. Very often they perch among the branches carefully preening their feathers. Country folk say they are oiling their plumage or donning their raincoats!

AMONG the insect weather prophets, the spider is an acknowledged expert. Observations taken in Devon and Cornwall fairly recently disclosed the fact that for a few days prior to a spell of fine weather the spiders were working overtime spinning thousands of webs in readiness to trap the insects that would make their appearance with the expected warmer and more settled conditions. Another proven fact about spiders is that they will only travel far afield when fine weather is assured. If, as I expect you have often noted, you feel strands of trailing web adhering to your face as you walk between shrubs and bushes or down some narrow country lane, you will know that the spiders are venturing far and wide and that they are satisfied a fine spell is assured.

Bees, too, are weather-wise insects. They will not fly far from the hive if rain is at hand, but should you see them sleeping away from the hive during the late evening, to-morrow really should be "a lovely day." Even the humble snail is gifted with weather sense. The instinct, presumably of self-preservation, prompts them to climb well up the stems of plants or up a wall if they have a hunch the ground is likely to become more or less flooded.

When objects on the skyline stand out sharp and clear and appear to be much nearer than they actually are, you can be certain that rain is not far away. The same applies to the stars at night. If they appear brighter and larger than usual, and twinkle abnormally, to-morrow will most likely be an umbrella day. Another reliable sign to look for in the night sky is a corona (like a circular rainbow) around the moon. If the corona increases in diameter, existing conditions are likely to deteriorate; if it contracts, the outlook is brighter.

Fir cones as weather prophets are known to us all, a dry atmosphere opening their "petals" and a damp one closing them. Personally I prefer to keep my eye on a bunch of dried teasel heads as their response to changing climatic conditions is much quicker than that of the fir cone. Smoke rising in a straight column from the chimney is another well-proven sign of fine weather. If, however, a stale, sooty smell pervades a room, this is a sure and certain sign that inclement weather is not far removed.

Certain flowers, among them the convolvulus, red and blue flax, campion and the tiny scarlet pimpernel, are moderately good weather prophets, closing their petals in advance of rain. The snag is, of course, that these flowers close their petals in the evening anyway, so we cannot always get a "forecast" from them early in the morning or late in the day when we need the information most.

A friend of mine has just informed me that the surest way of knowing what to-morrow's weather will be is to wash the car down! I won't cross that one off my list whatever the men of science may say to the contrary! Nor, think I, will you.

END

The Case Of Mr. Pelham

(*Continued from page 20*)

visited the club again on his way home and skilfully questioned the marker. From him he elicited that on the night in question he had played billiards with a great friend of his, a Major Bellamy.

Bellamy! Everyone, thought Mr. Pelham furiously, was being deceived too easily. Something had got to be done. He won the marker's confidence with a tip and then hesitatingly put it to him that he might have been impersonated.

The marker was almost affronted. "That's impossible, sir. Why, I know you as well as most members. And what about the Major? Better ask him." Mr. Pelham shrugged this aside. "Besides sir"—the marker had searched his memory and now produced a bombshell—"you passed the funny remark to me, you remember, about that cannon of yours." Mr. Pelham had once made a spectacularly humorous cannon and it had developed into a time-honoured joke between him and the marker. How could an outsider have known it? And a double, however identical in outward appearance and even mentally, *must* still have been an outsider to Mr. Pelham's private jokes in his club.

He went straight to the bar and had a stiff drink. His anger had vanished. All at once he was a puzzled, miserable little man.

AFTER another drink he decided to stay on at the club for dinner, settle down unobtrusively in the library afterwards and then go down to the billiard-room. Maybe he could catch the double red-handed. He went to the phone to tell Peterson he wouldn't be back. "Oh, Peterson," he said into the transmitter. "Mr. Pelham here. I shan't be. . . ."

"Yes, sir. What name shall I say?"

"What d'you mean?"

"I said, what name shall I say?"

"I know you did," snapped Mr. Pelham. "I mean, what the hell did you say it *for?*"

There was a slight pause. Then: "Perhaps you'd better state your business." Peterson's voice was suddenly icy, barely deferential at all. Mr. Pelham hardly recognized it; it sounded like a different man. He restrained with difficulty an angry rebuke.

"I don't think you've quite gathered, Peterson, this is Mr. Pelham speaking."

There was again a pause. When the man spoke, his voice was puzzled, but polite once more: "I'm afraid I don't hear you very well, sir. Do you wish to speak to Mr. Pelham? If so, would you give me your name?"

"*My name is Pelham!*" He almost danced in sudden temper. Was Peterson drunk? "This is your master speaking. I rang up to tell you. . . ." He stopped suddenly. An astounding explanation of Peterson's apparent denseness had occurred to him. He had the feeling that his stomach had ceased to belong to him. He put the receiver gingerly down, as one would a sleeping cat, and leaned trembling against the side of the booth.

Then he burst suddenly out and shouting, "Taxi!", to the astounded hall porter, started struggling into his coat.

He was still trembling when he reached Montague Court and he could hardly fit his key into the door. "Peterson!" he called, staying close to the entrance, and again, "Peterson!"

"Sir?" Peterson appeared. Beneath his trained exterior he looked a little surprised.

"When I. . . . Did I. . . ." He tried to pull himself together. "Ah, good evening. Has anyone . . . I mean, any messages for me?"

"A rather peculiar person rang up, sir. There was some confusion about the name. I was just going to consult you when he rang off."

Mr. Pelham took a firm grip of himself. Then: "Just going to consult *me?*"

"Yes, sir. You were in your bedroom at the time. It was only a minute before you stepped out a short while ago."

"Stepped out? Why I . . . but you didn't *see* me go, did you?"

"No, sir. But I heard you cross the hall and then the door bang."

There was a silence. Then: "Bring me some whisky," ordered Mr. Pelham hoarsely, and went into the sitting-room.

GULPING down the spirit—he felt he was drinking more than usual these days, but really this thing was getting him down—he tried to face the facts. The extraordinary telephone conversation was explained: Peterson had imagined his master was in the bedroom at the time. Later he had thought he had gone out—even while in actual fact he was only leaving the club—and after a short while had again returned. In other words, the Double had now successfully impersonated him in his own home and to his own manservant of six years' service. And the fellow must have been keeping close watch on him; knew he hadn't gone straight home that night; knew, too, how he was dressed to the very last detail, for Peterson had his master's wardrobe by heart and would have spotted any discrepancy at once.

A thought struck him. He rang the bell. Perhaps Peterson hadn't actually seen the Double come in, either; had, just as when he went out, only heard him, and assumed it was his master.

"You rang, sir?"

"Ah, Peterson. I'm ready for dinner. I want an early bed. Not feeling up to the mark. Don't you—that is, didn't you think I looked a bit ill this evening when I first got back?" He was quite prepared for Peterson to say he hadn't actually seen him, when he would reply, "Oh, of course not; stupid of me! I was forgetting." He was not prepared for what the man did say.

"Frankly, sir, it seemed to me the moment I saw you in the hall you appeared fitter than for some time. In (*Continued on page 68*)

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good spirits, too, sir." A reminiscent smile touched his lips. "That little quip about what you said to the taxi driver was most amusing, sir."

"Yes, yes, yes," muttered Mr. Pelham feverishly. There was something important he was trying to think of.

"But I must confess, sir," went on Peterson quickly, with some concern, "you somehow don't now seem quite as well as I thought."

MUTTERING something about seeing a doctor to-morrow, Mr. Pelham abruptly pushed past him and went to his bedroom. He had just remembered what it was that was important. "The moment you came in," Peterson had said. The Double therefore had let himself in. He looked in the little stud box, where he kept his spare latchkey. It was there all right. But of course it could have been put back there—once the fellow had got inside. And anyway, how had he got possession of it in the first place? He examined his dressing-table drawers. Nothing of value had gone, pearl links, a reserve five-pound note in a wallet (number, of course, carefully noted), gold cigarette-case for special occasions, all were present. *What* had he come for? What in God's name *for*? . . .

His eyes fell on something on the dressing-table. He had already noted it subconsciously without taking in its significance. Now his jaw dropped. For it was a stiff collar with a crumpled tie still held in it—obviously only recently taken off; for Peterson was always tidying up. And the tie was the sedate dark striped tie he habitually wore to the office, the tie he had put on that morning, the tie that he would probably have changed at the same time as he put on a soft collar for the evening —*had he done so*. Which he had not; for this was the first time he'd entered the room. And his reflection in the glass confirmed that he was still wearing a stiff collar and his dark striped tie. He had similar collars, of course, but not another tie anything like it. . . .

Yet an exact replica lay on the table before him. . . .

He tottered to the bed and sat there a long time, his head in his hands. "What *is* all this?" he half murmured. "Am I going mad?"

He felt for a sudden moment deathly afraid. . . .

NEXT day Mr. Pelham phoned his office that he was unwell and wouldn't be in that morning. Instead at eleven o'clock he visited a Harley Street mental specialist.

The specialist was definitely puzzled. He essayed, then discounted, hallucination theories: for, if so, it was Mr. Pelham's associates who were having the hallucinations. He agreed that there could be no question of a stupendous hoax. Sounding out for paranoia, he gave him openings to state that he felt this double, or imagined double, was persecuting him deliberately; but got no reaction.

"Not wilfully. Only by just being there at all," complained Mr. Pelham wretchedly, seeing that the other, for all his confident, competent air was not going to be able to help him. "Besides you used the word 'imagined.' How can anyone imagine that?" He pointed to the ties, which he had brought with him. "They are exactly the same—same maker, even the same amount of wear. Yet only *one* is mine. The other was left in my flat. By *someone*."

"Hm! Well, if you want my opinion, your mental balance is all right, and it's really a matter for the police. Impersonation, you know. The tie might be a clue to work from."

"But what's he getting *out* of it? I haven't lost a thing."

"Not yet perhaps. A clever criminal would wait for a big haul."

"I've thought of that. I—er—" he spoke a little shamefacedly—"I've even written my bank this morning, and arranged to change my signature on my cheques. But how can this fellow, whom I've never seen, know just what I do and wear?" He picked up the ties and looked at them.

"By watching you. And no doubt, you are a man of fairly regular habits."

Mr. Pelham nodded. "I do run in a bit of a groove."

"Try varying your movements and your dress a bit. Unexpectedly. And I should see the police. They may land him. I'm afraid there is frankly not much *I* can do for you."

Mr. Pelham left him, feeling like a child whose nurse has failed it at a crucial moment. He had not the slightest intention of going to the police, not after this new development. Not only did he feel they would fail him, too, but they would in addition laugh at him. Besides in his inmost soul, though he would not yet admit it, he knew that there was something about the whole business which the official mentality could never appreciate, that something which last night had momentarily filled him with a Fear of a new and hitherto unexperienced kind.

AFTER lunch he went to the office. Vaguely surprised that none of his staff asked after his indisposition, he did not appreciate the reason till his secretary brought him some papers to sign.

"The letters you dictated just before lunch, sir," she said, with lifted eyebrows, when he testily shoved them back at her, asking what the office thought it was up to. "I *was* glad you found yourself well enough to come down after all. That Manson matter needed a proper clearing up."

Mr. Pelham sat very still for a moment, trying to get a grip of himself. Miss Clement had been with him longer even than Peterson had. "Of course, of course," he managed to get out, and motioned the woman from the room.

Then he began to study the letters—and grew more bewildered than ever. For they dealt efficiently with various details of his work—in particular the Manson matter, which he'd been putting off for days. He knew he had not dictated them, yet indisputably they were his. It was not that they employed his turns of phrase—conceivably his secretary could have been responsible for that; it was that in many cases they implied knowledge of his business activities she could hardly have possessed.

Knowledge, too, that could not have been gleaned from the files without many hours research, knowledge in fact that only Mr. Pelham personally could have had at his fingertips. Moreover, they were good letters; with one exception, they took just the line he would have followed. The exception was a particularly bold decision, brilliant but a gamble. Mr. Pelham would have toyed wistfully with the idea, but in the end would probably not have acted on it, though even that was faintly possible. Otherwise, they were exactly the letters he would have written. He dropped his aching head on one hand. They *were* the letters he had written. Mechanically he began to sign them. . . .

NEARING the bottom a corner of pink suddenly showed itself. A cheque! He pounced on it: had he caught the Double trying to. . . . No, it was pinned to a retyped letter he had yet to sign, and merely paid an overdue account. But the cheque was already signed. *And signed with Mr. Pelham's altered signature, conceived only that morning!*

He sat for a long while trembling violently. What was happening? Who *was* this Double, this—his dry lips formed the words—*more*-than-double, this veritable *alter ego*, who somehow knew his inmost secrets. The uncanny sickening fear swept over him with renewed force. When that cheque was signed, his letter to the bank must still have been in the post. By no possible manner of means could his new signature have then been seen or known by anyone except himself.

It was at that moment that Mr. Pelham realized for the first time that everything which had happened up to that afternoon might have had *some* normal explanation, impossible though it seemed to discover it. To this last incident, however, there was no explanation, unless—unless it was one that involved something more than purely human agency.

AFTER some long while he pulled himself together and went out. . . .

He walked a large part of the way home. Occasionally he muttered to himself. The phrase, "more than purely human agency," stuck in his mind, and once or twice he frightened passers-by with it. The fear, however, had left him by the time he got back. He sat down and for a long while tried to face the situation. Surely there was some way to fight this Thing—this Terror—that had come upon him? Tell Peterson to refuse admittance . . . but Peterson, he knew, would think it *was* his master. Confront the Double in the Club? Or in the office? But he was never there when Mr. Pelham was. He always seemed to *know*. And why not—if something more than purely human agency *were* involved? Mr. Pelham shuddered again unaccountably, and swiftly looked up, half expecting to see the Double in the room with him.

He glimpsed Camberley-Smith next day, but avoided him, as a man shuns a place of once-happy memory which time has changed to bitterness and misery. For he had recalled that brief encounter three weeks before in Cornhill—the first intimation he had had of anything wrong—though everything then had seemed so simple. Just mistaken identity, or a possible innocent double by chance somewhere in London. Now it was The Double, an uncanny overwhelming Terror lying in wait everywhere about his daily path. Growing bolder and bolder, too, seeping into his life like foul wet mud sliding slowly down a steep bank into a clear pool, till—till the pool was no longer clear, but all muddied and evil.

IN the evening he had a new idea. Rather shamefacedly, he looked up the address of a man he had greatly admired, but had lost touch with—an extremely broad-minded clergyman, who had left the neighbourhood a year ago for a parish somewhere in Surrey. "The Rev. K. Fleming, The Vicarage, Littleshot," he turned up, and took pen and paper. But he did not write after all; somehow he did not know what to say that wouldn't sound quite foolish. Anyway, the mere thought of Fleming being there, within call, had slightly restored his courage. He felt more inclined to fight back, and next morning he called in a locksmith and had the lock on his front door changed. Only one key was made and this he put on a ring with a stout chain attached to his braces button.

Remembering the specialist's advice about varying his movements unexpectedly, he called up a friend just before he left the office and arranged to go to the six thirty house at a music-hall instead of going home. He also phoned Peterson to leave some cold supper out for him. The two men had a drink or so afterwards and it was quite late when he returned to his flat.

There was no supper laid. Indignant and hungry he knocked up Peterson, who had gone to bed.

Peterson, half-undressed, seemed staggered to see him, and even more taken aback when he asked about his food.

"But you—you've *had* some supper, sir."

"I've *what?*"

The man's manner changed to sudden solicitude. "Don't you remember, sir? Cold chicken, and you asked me for a half-bottle of the Liebfraumilch and—you—seemed all right then, sir," he gulped tactlessly.

Mr. Pelham saw what he meant. "You think I'm drunk?"

"No, sir," lied Peterson, thinking his master must have put in some good work on the whisky since supper. "I—I . . . well, look here, sir." He led the way to the kitchen, showed Mr. Pelham dirty plates, explaining apologetically, "As it was late, I thought for once I'd leave them till to-morrow." Showed him, too, the empty hock bottle, even the chicken bones in the garbage pail. "Why, I served you with the wine, sir," he went on entreatingly. "And later you went to bed. At least I thought so—or I would have stayed up myself. I didn't hear you go out again."

MR. PELHAM was quickly at the bedroom door. For a moment only he faltered; then abruptly opened it.

The room was empty: the bed untouched. His pyjamas lay across the coverlet.

Peterson was (*Continued on page* 69)

frankly puzzled. "Well, I could have sworn I heard the basin running. And your wardrobe shutting. And then the springs go as you got into bed. And only a short while ago, too, sir."

Mr. Pelham said nothing. He stood there, fingering the latchkey in his pocket. The only key, which had been on his person all day.

"All right," he got out at last. "That's all!" A little scared, the man backed out.

Mr. Pelham lay awake a long time. Fearfully, like a schoolboy starting to explore some dark eerie cavern which he does not want to enter, but by which he is as much fascinated as terrified, he tried to recall all he had heard or read about ghosts, about spirits who had taken human shape. It was unbelievable, impossible, but what then was it? Nothing made any sense to his tortured brain; nothing was real—except the unknown Terror steadily engulfing his life.

Not till he had got up and written to Fleming that he wanted to meet him, that he was in great trouble and needed his help, though he could not explain in a letter, was he able to drop off into a troubled sleep with the lights still on.

He could hardly concentrate on his work next morning and went out at twelve to get a drink. At least it was a change from his usual habits, though the specialist's advice had not proved very successful the previous night. The drink, however, and another, cheered him up and, recalling the advice further, he impulsively went into a shop and bought the most distinctive tie—within limits of a certain taste—that he could find, a tie he would never otherwise have chosen.

He even achieved a certain pleasure in this—having only worn quiet colours all his life. The shop-assistant was vaguely amused, particularly when Mr. Pelham rejected several as being likely to be duplicated. "I want something unique," he kept saying. "Not loud—but unique!" He eventually chose a combination of dark green and red with a small orange spot. He put it on and felt better.

RETURNING to the office after lunch, he was staggered to discover that according to Miss Clement he had apparently come back at a quarter-past twelve and worked dynamically on all sorts of new and to him undreamed-of projects till a quarter to two. He called for the letters and papers and sat, half terrified, half fascinated, reading them like a child reads a story full of words it cannot understand.

In the middle of this his club rang up to say he'd left his bag behind when he had stayed there last night; would he be calling for it? At first he could hardly take in what was being said; then: "Keep it! Keep it!" he gasped and slammed the receiver down as if it were red-hot. His bag was in his *flat, must* be in his flat. . . .

He sat staring into vacancy for a long time. This was too much for any man to face alone. The mud was seeping in—overwhelmingly, inexorably. He fought for breath as if suffocated. At intervals he tried to keep calm, found himself saying: "*This* is I. *This* is old Pell. *This* is Mr. Pelham, of Lake, Pelham & Co. I, and I alone, live at Flat 10, Montague Court. . . ." And even as he spoke, feeling for the key to the flat in his pocket, he knew that he did not live alone there, and the Terror would engulf him again.

HE jumped up. He could not wait for Fleming's reply. He could not face the flat that night. He would go down at once to Littleshot and stay there till the thing was thrashed out. Fleming would know what to do . . . Fleming could pray . . . Could beat the Terror.

He rang his flat to tell Peterson to pack a suitcase and take it to Waterloo, and a man said, "Hallo." The voice was somehow familiar, but it wasn't Peterson. For a moment he could not place it.

"Who's that?" he said.

"This is Mr. Pelham speaking. Who is it, please?"

A sudden icy sweat broke out on him. In an instant the instrument he held was slippery with it. No wonder the voice was familiar. It was his own. And the sweat on him was that of cold fear; the Terror returned in overmastering waves.

"N—no," he croaked. "*This* is Mr. Pelham. I'm speaking from my office. Who are you really?"

"I've told you." The voice held just the slight superior amusement he would have experienced under similar circumstances. "I'm Mr. Pelham. There must be some mistake. Your name may be Pelham too, of course. But I'm Mr. Pelham, of Lake, Pelham & Co., and Montague Court."

Mr. Pelham feverishly wiped his hands and forehead, tried to think clearly.

"Well, what can I do for you?" the other was asking.

"I want to speak to Peterson," was all Mr. Pelham could say. Surely Peterson would recognize him for the real Mr. Pelham.

"My man? Are you a friend of his? I've told him he's not supposed to be rung up on my phone, but if it's important . . ."

Why, thought Mr. Pelham feverishly, that's what he himself would have said—those were his instructions to Peterson. "It's not important," he got out. "It doesn't matter." How could Peterson believe a voice on the phone with his master obviously there beside him? He formed a sudden plan. "It was merely to say I'm going away for a few days," he said cleverly. "Sorry to have bothered you."

"I honestly don't know what you're talking about. . . ." he heard the other begin in just his own puzzled accents, as he put the receiver down and jumped from his chair. He had said that to put the other off the scent. He was going straight to Maida Vale.

HE jumped from the taxi, ran up the stairs and let himself into his flat. He had just shut the door when Peterson appeared. The man's jaw dropped. He stared at Mr. Pelham and then at the door of the sitting-room. "I could have sworn . . ." he began, then suddenly his control snapped. "What *is* the matter with you these days, going

(*Continued on page 70*)

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out and coming in without my even hearing. . . ." He pulled himself up. "I'm sorry, sir."

"Never mind that now," gabbled Mr. Pelham. "There's an impostor in there. It's not me at all. It's been going on for. . . ." He noticed Peterson was backing away. "It's all right. This is me. And I want to see this fellow."

THE door of the sitting-room opened. A man came out.

Mr. Pelham stood transfixed. The other was an exact counterpart of himself. Moustache, round palish face, different-coloured eyes, even the faintly appealing expression. Yet from him as he stood there Mr. Pelham experienced a sudden wave of malignancy, of horrible power, of something that was not after all human for all its outward shape. And it carried the Terror with it in wave after wave, a veritable physical presence, battering down his resolve.

There was a silence, broken only by Peterson. "Christ Almighty!" he ejaculated.

Mr. Pelham slowly fought back the Terror. He had noticed with a sudden delight, and clung to the knowledge like a drowning man to a lifebelt, that the other was not wearing the new tie, but the usual dark striped one.

"Don't go, Peterson," said the stranger, as Peterson edged away. "You may have noticed I've been worried these last days. Well, this is the cause."

Would he have said that, Mr. Pelham found himself vaguely wondering. Yes, he believed, given the incredible circumstances, he would.

"You would," said the other surprisingly, though Mr. Pelham had not spoken, and went on before Peterson could grasp anything. "You've been pestering me for some time, because of your likeness to me. And honestly I'm tired of it." He turned to Peterson again. "I didn't mention it to you before, but this man actually got into the flat here once. The night I rang up from the club, you remember?"

"But that's not true," Mr. Pelham suddenly found he was almost shouting. Very unlike him to shout. He should have been quieter, more restrained. Like indeed the other Mr. Pelham was now.

"You remember, Peterson, don't you?" he was saying calmly.

"Well, yes, sir, I do, and it struck me as strange at the time."

Mr. Pelham choked. That "sir" to—to the wrong one. "Peterson," he said almost imploringly. "Peterson, don't you know me? You've been with me six years—don't you know me?"

"Go on," said the other in Mr. Pelham's level tones. "Answer him, Peterson."

Peterson was almost too shattered to speak by a situation outside all his previous experience. And when he did speak, it was as a man, not a servant.

"Well, it's Gawd's truth I've never seen a pair so alike before in my natural. No one'd believe me if I was to tell 'em. Those eyes of the both of you. If you was to put me on me oath I couldn't swear. But I'd swear to each of you separate."

Mr. Pelham's heart sank. Till then he had thought Peterson would, must, could not help, recognizing him instantly.

"But, Peterson," he cried. "Remember this. . . . Think of the things we've done together, before this. . . ."

"Don't shout so loud," reproved the other. "No good can come of shouting." It was a stock phrase of Mr. Pelham's own, and he saw Peterson's recognition of it as he looked quickly at the speaker. "Look, here's a test. Tell Peterson what his master said to him last night when he poured the first glass of hock."

"I—I wasn't . . ." began Mr. Pelham and was silent. He couldn't say he wasn't there. "It was you who were there then," he said sullenly.

"That's the point I'm making," was the smiling retort. "Well, I said, 'It's almost a shame to drink it, there are only nine bottles left,' and Peterson said—what?"

Mr. Pelham was still stunned. The waves of Terror too were coming over very fast. He felt like a rat in a trap.

"Very well then, Peterson said, 'Only eight now, sir. This one's as good as gone!'"

"That's right, sir," said Peterson, suddenly himself again. "You're Mr. Pelham, sir. But, Gawd, he's like you!"

"I'm not, I'm not. He's like *me*. He's sapping my life, my existence. . . ."

"Keep calm, man, or get out. One last thing, Peterson. He's made one big mistake. Did you ever see me wearing a tie like that green and red thing?"

"No, sir. Never." Peterson was emphatic. "You haven't got one, and you'd never have bought one."

"Good! Remember all this, will you, in case of further trouble. All right. That'll do."

PETERSON went. And with him it seemed to Mr. Pelham that all light and life and security went from the room. He turned to the other almost imploringly and saw the face had changed for him alone. The radiated hate was now visible, and the Terror waves could literally be felt, a clammy thick fear that he now knew could only come from the other world.

"That's nearly the end," said the Double. "You did make a mistake about that tie, didn't you? I could have been wearing it, but I didn't, because it gave me a nice chance."

"But . . . but . . ." stammered Mr. Pelham; then whimpered: "Why have you done this to me?"

He was not answered. "At last," said the Double exultingly, "I am *here*! I have your business and what I shall make of that I alone know, as you may have noticed. I shall be free, free to do what I . . . but that won't interest you," he broke off. "You're mad, you know," he said suddenly, with an edge like a knife to his voice.

Tears were suddenly streaming down Mr. Pelham's face. "I don't believe this is real. It's a dream. Why has this happened to me?"

"It just happened," said the other, and all the evil of the world was in his voice. Then abruptly in Mr. Pelham's own tones: "Now I'm calling Peterson again and we're going to give you in charge for impersonation."

"No, no. Let me go away." He advanced unintentionally to the other—and recoiled horribly from his presence.

"Who are you?" he cried. "Who are you?"

"Why, Mr. Pelham, of course," said the other, pleasantly.

It was then Mr. Pelham started screaming. . . .

IF you meet Mr. Pelham nowadays you find him much the same, though his business is flourishing beyond expectation and as Jim Mason, who follows and trusts his Stock Exchange flair, said to him when they played golf together, "Pell, you must have scooped a tidy pile by now. Heading for a millionaire, what?"

Mr. Pelham smiled his inoffensive little smile, and said: "D'you think I've changed much since I began to go ahead?"

"Not much, old boy," said Mason. "Still really the same old Pell. But you just seem suddenly to have taken hold of yourself. I believe that that rather rotten experience—you remember—when that fellow, that double, tried to impersonate you and then went off his rocker right in front of you, had something to do with it. Made you face up to things, or something."

"Maybe," said Mr. Pelham mildly. "Maybe. Poor chap! He's been put away a long while now, hasn't he? I'm afraid he'll never be right again."

END

January Knitting (*Continued from page* 45)

BACK OF FAIR ISLE PULLOVER

THE FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and w., cast on 132 sts. * and work in k. 1, p. 1, for 8 rows.

9th row.—(K. 1, p. 1) twice, k. 1, cast off 2, (loop on needle), (k. 1, p. 1) 58 times, k. 1, cast off 2, (loop on needle), (k. 1, p. 1) twice.

10th row.—(K. 1, p. 1) twice, k. 1, cast on 2, (p. 1, k. 1) 59 times, cast on 2, p. 1, (k. 1, p. 1) twice; rep. from * until welt matches that on back. Work the next row as on back, leaving 109 sts. on needle. Change to No. 9 needles and continue in patt. until work measures 15 ins., finishing on the 28th row of patt. Shape neck, working in white, thus: k. 40, cast off 29, (loop on needle), k. 39.

Continue in patt. dec. at the neck edge 3 times (37 sts.). Continue straight until 4 Fair Isle insertions are completed, then continue in all white st.st. until work measures 19½ ins. from the cast-on edge. Shape shoulder by casting off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 rows, starting at armhole edge. Work back to armhole and cast off last 10 sts. Rejoin wool at remaining sts. and work other shoulder to match.

FRONT BORDERS

Rejoin w. at the 12 sts. of one border and, using No. 12 needles, work in k. 1, p. 1, rib, making buttonholes as before on every 9th and 10th rows until 11 in all are completed. Continue in rib until border measures 19½ ins. Cast off. Work border on other side to match.

NECK BORDER

Join right shoulder. Now, using No. 12 needles and w. and holding the right side of work towards you, pick up and k. 136 sts. round neck. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 1 in. Cast off in rib.

MAKING UP

Press all parts except ribbing. Oversew borders to edges, stretching borders slightly as you sew. Join second shoulder. Stitch buttons to match buttonholes.

END

BACK OF LONG-SLEEVED SWEATER

Work 7 ins. on these 100 sts. Put in pin to mark top of sleeve seam. Work to correspond to other sleeve, making decreases instead of increases.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves on to back and front. Sew on buttons.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR SIZE 36 BUST.

THE BACK

Cast on 112 sts. instead of 104. Inc. to 144 sts. instead of 136. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 112 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

As back 36 size, until there are 112 sts. at armholes. Then work as 34 size.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

As 34 size, but when working straight on 100 sts. for 7 ins., work 7½ ins. instead.

END

Toast To The New Year

(*Continued from page 9*)

In a few of the more remote villages and hamlets, particularly in the north of England and in Scotland, country folk still delight to drink toasts to their beasts and crops in this time-honoured fashion. And in these northern districts, where the occasion has always been regarded as of rather greater moment than in the south, the New Year is often heralded by a ceremony known as "first footing."

In the counties of Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland and Westmorland, as in Scotland, it is a popular belief that ill-luck will befall any home whose threshold is not crossed for the first time in the year by a dark-haired man—preferably by a stranger but, failing that, by one disguised beyond easy recognition.

Such a character is regarded as a living symbol of the New Year, and it is customary for him to carry in one hand a sprig of mistletoe and in the other an evergreen branch, cut from some nearby thicket.

His peremptory knock is always answered immediately, and the members of the household stand in silence as he crosses the room where the company is assembled to throw his branch on to the fire and lay his sprig upon the mantelshelf. As he passes, the company hold their glasses aloft, and as soon as the ritual is completed the master of the house invites him to drink with them and feast upon Christmas cake.

Though "first footing" is no longer carried out universally in every village many country people in these counties are careful to arrange for a dark-haired man to call upon them at this hour. Where a party is in progress the darkest among the guests will quietly slip from the room a few minutes before midnight—only to knock once more at the front door as the clock strikes twelve.

FROM earliest times it became customary for people to give one another presents as tokens of luck on New Year's Day. A favourite gift was an orange stuck with cloves to represent a pomander, for long generally accepted as one of the more "infallible" charms against all kinds of infection. Another popular present was a gingerbread with all manner of emblems and devices picked out in sugar. Sometimes the gift would take the form of a bright new pin—once a rare commodity—which the recipient would hasten to drop into the water of the nearest wishing-well.

Here and there one still comes upon cottagers who regularly give one another presents at this time of the year, and I am told that in parts of both Cornwall and Derbyshire, packets of pins are even now sometimes dropped into the local wells. Such gifts are no more than tokens—but as they are tokens of luck, many are loath to forget them even in this twentieth century.

The New Year is, indeed, a time when superstitious thought comes uppermost. The belief that a new year must be honoured by wearing at least one new garment is still quite prevalent in the country. While in some of the villages of the Midlands and Welsh Border they have a quite remarkable horror of seeing a naked flame at this time.

I once met a woman who told me that, however cold the weather, she would prefer to huddle over an empty grate in coats and mufflers rather than light a fire. The belief that a naked flame meant bad luck had been handed down to her from earliest childhood, and she remained to be convinced that this was not so. Nor was she by any means alone in this, she hastened to assure me.

NEW YEAR'S DAY was once second only to St. Valentine's Day in the number of quaint superstitions concerning marriage. On the eve before, the Suffolk lasses would take no end of pains to discover the identity of their future husbands. Sisters of a household would wash their underclothes quite early in the evening and then sit by the fire until midnight drying them. As the clock struck twelve they then scrubbed the hearth and placed a number of pewter pots—one for each girl—upside down in the fireplace, and retired to bed backwards.

Next morning they were down again betimes to see if, during the night, anything had been mysteriously placed beneath these pots. If one turned up her pot to find a piece of metal, she felt certain that she would marry a blacksmith; if another found a shaving of wood she was equally convinced that her husband would be a carpenter. And so it went on. But alas for the girl who discovered nothing—she would remain a spinster.

Whether such practice still maintains I should very much doubt, but I am told that on a moonlit New Year's Eve many girls still stand with their backs to the moon to see how many reflections of themselves they can detect in a mirror which they hold in their right hands. Since each reflection represents one year, they can thus discover how long it will be before they are married!

This rich lore and tradition is not confined to January 1, but maintains unto Twelfth Night, or the Feast of the Epiphany. To most of us this is now but a sombre occasion for tearing down and burning the Christmas decorations. Not so in some of the country districts. Until 100 years or so ago Twelfth Night was in itself a time for gaiety—a time for carnival processions through the villages, led by the King and Queen of the Epiphany, and followed by the eating of gaudily decorated spiced cakes.

Like New Year's Eve, it was also a time for bringing a further blessing on all living creatures. And so it remains in some of the fruit-growing districts.

IN such parts the villagers will still turn out to "wassail" their apple trees and drive away the evil spirits as their forebears have done since Saxon times.

In the darkness of Twelfth Night little bands of men and women, boys and girls, may be found making their way to the orchards, carrying their pails of cider and their (*Continued on page 72*)

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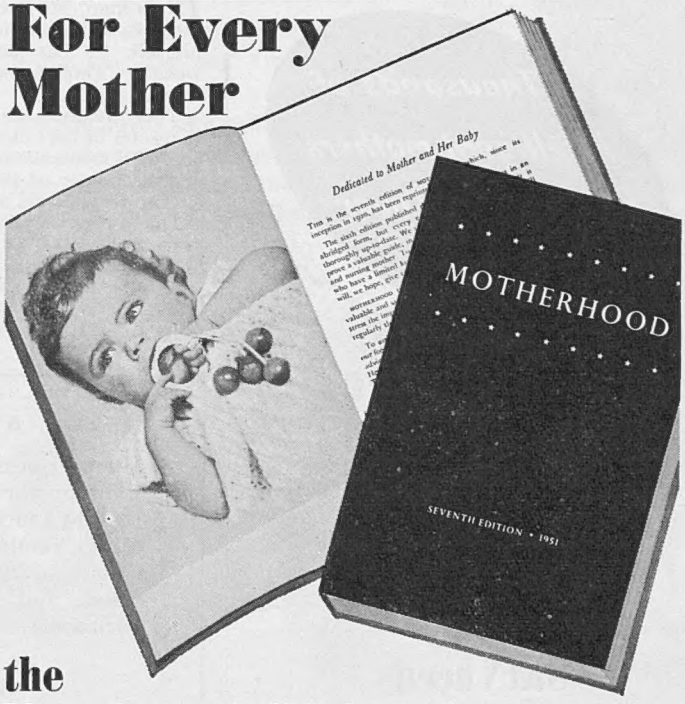

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shotguns. Here, after forming a ring around the sturdiest tree, the lustiest voice will lead the company in singing such old favourites as:

Old apple tree, old apple tree,
We've come to wassail thee,
To bear and to bow applies enow,
Hats full, caps full, three bushel bags full,
Barn floors full, and a little heap under the stairs.

Tankards are now filled from the pails of cider and toasts drunk to the trees. And the toasts? "Wassail"—derived, they say, from the Saxon for "Good luck." Time and again these tankards will be raised. But the trees themselves must drink, and so the cider is now poured around their roots as well. Yet even now the ceremony is not completed.

Who shall say that there is not still some evil spirit hovering among those bare branches above their heads?—some demon such as might well cause havoc to the new season's crop. To make sure that this is not so the shotguns must needs be levelled and fired through the orchard before any depart! Not until this has been done can the company retire with a clear mind.

Another year is born, but in some of the more remote country districts it might well be 1882, rather than 1952, that is being hailed. Time changes—but not entirely.

END

Hatching A Nest Egg

(*Continued from page* 34)

Defence Bonds are a safe alternative at 2½ per cent and you can hold up to £3,500 as against only £2,000 in the Post Office. Defence Bonds are repayable "at par" (which is the price you paid for them) after ten years. The interest is paid half-yearly and they can be cashed before the ten years expires by giving six months notice. Incidentally, the interest on Post Office Savings and Defence Bonds is subject to Income Tax—an important consideration.

An investment upon which tax is *not* levied and so very worth while considering is National Savings Certificates. These are in fifteen-shilling units and one can only hold up to five hundred of them (that is £375 worth). On maturity after ten years, the units are repayable at twenty shillings and threepence, which works out at just over three per cent per annum over ten years.

Savings Certificates can be cashed at any time and at short notice, including such interest as they have earned in the meanwhile. Their chief attraction is that they are exempt from Income Tax, which can be said of few other investments, and this important factor brings them into favourable comparison with investments which, in the first place, seem to offer a more attractive rate of interest.

A. J. STAYLAERS

These Rich Socialists

(*Continued from page* 17)

by their own efforts. There is another category: the man whose whole career has been in politics.

FEW people would think of Mr. Attlee as a rich man. He lives modestly, spends little, eschews ostentation. Yet, almost despite himself, he has acquired some degree of wealth. (Though, be it added, he has never sought it.)

This circumstance arises from the changed character of the office of Prime Minister. It is one with tremendous material rewards, placing the holder of the office among the rich, for the term of his office, anyway.

The Prime Minister received £10,000 a year, from 1947, until November this year; £4,000 of it was tax free.

In order to secure an equal income a private individual would have to earn, gross, something like £100,000 a year.

Nor is this all. The Prime Minister enjoys also the use of No. 10 Downing Street, and of Chequers, the whole upkeep of the latter establishment being met by an endowment made for this purpose by the late Lord Lee of Fareham.

During his term as Deputy Prime Minister (five years) and as Prime Minister (six years) Mr. Attlee earned £85,000. He also received during the last five years of that period £20,000 of that total tax free.

This places the ex-Prime Minister among the class of the Rich Socialists, a classification that would, no doubt, startle him a little.

But maybe these examples of wealthy or rich advocates of the abolition of private wealth, do no more than prove the pig's case, in Orwell's *Animal Farm:* namely, that, anyhow, among the equal, some are more equal than others.

END

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Before 1945, it was unusual to see a British car on the American roads. Nowadays, when one of these Nuffield thoroughbreds slips out of the car-park and across the green lights, it seems to have become an established part of the kaleidoscopic American scene.

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